

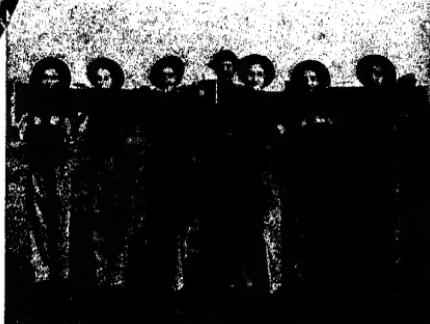


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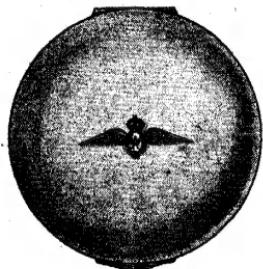
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deadly rabies, so often transmitted to Man by the bite of a mad dog, belongs to the past. Rinderpest, the cattle plague that kills millions of beasts in Europe and Africa, does not now exist. Anthrax is no longer a farmer's nightmare. Destructive diseases of sheep and lambs due to gas gangrene bacilli can be prevented and cured. Foot and mouth disease is better under control than anywhere else in Europe. But these achievements, great in themselves, are no more than a beginning on a small scale. Similar problems on a much vaster scale remain to be tackled in India. Not to mention the need to extend the fight to diseases such as tuberculosis, contagious abortion, mastitis, sterility and ill-health due to parasitic worms — diseases which are estimated to cost £20 millions a year within the small compass of the British Isles alone! How much more do they cost India? In the era of preventive animal medicine, now opening, synthetic organic chemicals will play a decisive part. The worker in the biological research laboratory and the chemist in the factory are uniting to help the veterinary profession to control the diseases of animals and thereby sustain the health of the nation.



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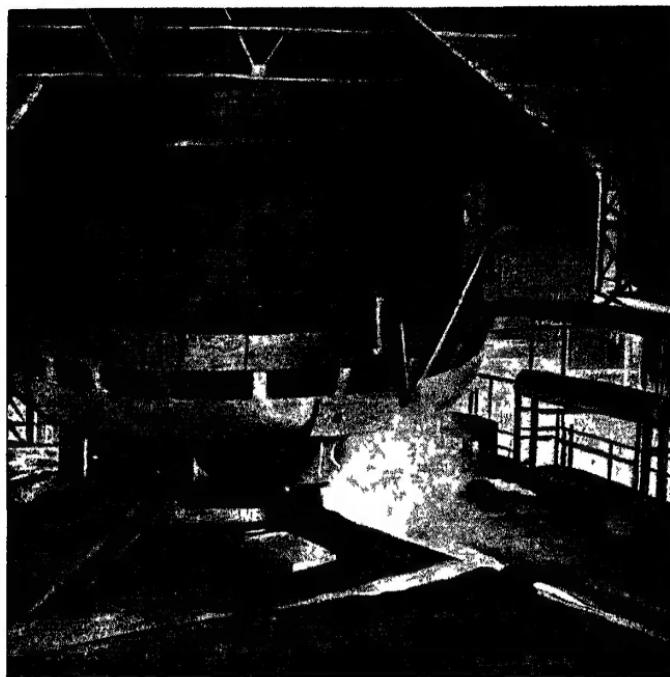
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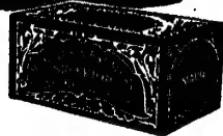
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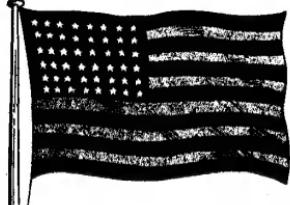
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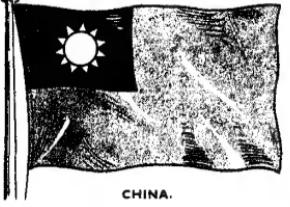


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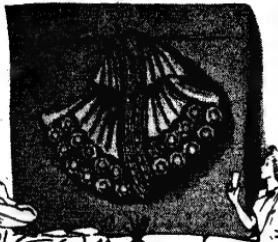
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Achieved renown for the discovery
and application of antiseptic treat-
ment in surgery. Raised up the
Parergic in 1857.

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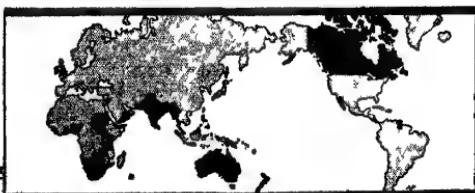
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The black portions on the map indicate the size of the British Commonwealth and its vast potentialities for agricultural, mineral and industrial development.



TO CONTRIBUTORS

Features and Photographs Wanted.

THE Editor of *The Onlooker* invites authors and writers to submit short articles on subjects of Politics, Shooting and Fishing, "nature", articles on women's subjects, and humorous articles and verse. He will also be glad to consider photographs of a social nature, such as appear in *The Onlooker* monthly. Payment will be made at the usual rates. Stamped envelopes should be enclosed with MSS and photographs if they are to be returned. Engagement and similar photographs will not be paid for. Photographs should be accompanied by descriptions typed separately. If written on the backs names must be clear and distinct.

"THE ONLOOKER"

United India Building,
Sir Phirozshah Mehta Road,
BOMBAY

The ONLOOKER

Vol. VI

April 1944

No. 4

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The

ONLOOKER

sees most of the game

Vol. VI.

APRIL 1944

No. 4



*charming picture
"the Shah of Persia
and his family
seen by Cecil
Eaton during his
cent visit to that
country.*



Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, conferred the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Orange-Nassau on Air Chief Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, Air Commander-in-Chief, South East Asia, in recognition of the excellent co-operation of the R.A.F. with Her Majesty's Forces in defence of the Netherlands East Indies against the Japanese. Sir Richard Peirse recently received the award from the hands of Monsieur A. Meren, Consul-General of the Netherlands at Delhi. Monsieur A. Meren and Sir Richard Peirse are here with guests present at the ceremony. The wife of Sir J. A. Meester, Lady Archibald Rowlands, who was the ceremony's place of birth, George Archibald, Lt-General Sir Edwin Morris, Air Marshal Sir Guy Garrow, Brig-General Eugene H. Beebe, U.S. Air Force; Rear Admiral G.J.A. Miles, Air Vice Marshal Goddard and Mrs. Goddard, Lady Archibald Rowlands. Among the Dutch ladies and officers were—Madame Meren, Monsieur Hasselman, Netherlands' Vice-Consul; Capt. J. H. P. Perks, Cmdr. K. J. A. Meester, Netherlands Naval Air Service, and Capt. J. F. Van Poederan, R.N. Army.

Looking On:

Women War Workers

THE opening of a new headquarters for the W.W.S. in Delhi and the encouraging address given by Her Excellency, Viscountess Wavell, has given a fresh impetus to enrolment in that body of unofficial, unpaid but enthusiastic war workers. So has the news brought by recent arrivals from England and Australia of the tremendous sacrifice being made by women in these countries.

War work is essential from two points of view. The women who do it are doing something in their own line or are trained to something new which urgently requires doing—it is national work of the first importance to the war effort. On the other hand, it is important as there is nothing more dangerous than an idle woman in these days of mental strain. She is dangerous in that, being outside of the circle of workers, she is inclined to be bitter about it and reactionary in her outlook.

There is no excuse today for the idle woman. There is far more work to be done in every centre than there are helpers and yet it is today a regrettable fact that among the better classes of European and Indian women there are still quite a number who have not faced the position fairly and squarely and gone all out to help win this war in quick time. Their help is most urgently required and ignorance can be no defence as a hundred different avenues are open to them. If they are at a loss as to where to begin they only have to read "The

Onlooker" or look at many of its photographs and they will see what other women are doing right through the country. India is proud of those women and they deserve the fullest credit and support.

Somewhat slow of the mark in the matter of uniforms for women workers, there are today

smart tunicks for almost every service and a woman sacrifices nothing in charm by wearing any of them. Her efficiency and that of her service, however, is considerably increased and she can experience something of that *esprit de corps* which a uniform and a unit engenders.

On the other hand the woman who is shy of getting into uniform (and there are many) will find other ways of service open to them through the ranks of the W.W.S. To them is given a badge which indicates to the world at large that they are doing their bit.

The Onlooker.

Tropical Birds



The Stool Pigeon

" some little birds are quiet at home on a perch."

To My Wife

I have a lovely photograph
That stands upon my desk,
And sometimes, when I look
at it

Through half a veil of tears,
I reach towards my memory
To span the dragging years :
And as my eyes grow still
more dim

It almost disappears.
Then from the frame I see
my love

As though it were to-day,
Come stepping out towards
me

In her own especial way,
She has a special smile for me
That only we two know,
She's radiant in her loveliness,

Why am I honoured so?
I'm blinded by a mist of tears,

And when I look again,
There is my lovely photograph,
Still standing in its frame.

C. E. G.

Sandspytte

Being An Extract
From The Diary of
Daniel Jepsy,
Traveller

By "Michael."

OF delights hath this city of Kurrachee but small endowment of nature, so are the elements much set upon their will for the deviling of sports and pastimes and this especially in time of war.

Hence ariseth the custom prevailing in this city, whereby certain rich merchants and officers of the Crown et al. will make themselves up at the Lord's Day by water to a parcel of desert, nomine Sandspytte, that lieth to the westward beside the sea, and there disport themselves with their wives and their daughters, having and drinking of ale and sundry curious waters of the country and in copious eating of mutton, and thereafter in sleeping upon beds; for they have upon this strand butts, albeit of a rough and ready fashioning, wherein to sleep frorn the sun's heat and from the rude prying of the fellas and of the barbarous fisherfolk that do inhabit those parts. And in these divers pastimes they do make merry and are of exceeding good cheer from morn till eve returning only at dusk, when you shall see the falls of their crafts come silently like great seabirds home across the waters to their haven.

Now, as it chanced, about the tenth day of my sojourn in Kurrachee that a certain comely matron did bid me be of her company to Sandspytte, and I said Sandspytte, so I did tally forth at cock-crow, (as it seemed to me who am no disciple of the lark in this matter of rising), and sat me in a "gharree," which is a mallow-leafed sort of coach commonly offered to hire in these parts. And notwithstanding this being a "gharree" being drawn by as scurvy a nag as I ever clapped eyes on, yet did the ville arab upon the box go flatter Jehu in spurring of his poor Dublin than we did cover the distance from Kurrachee to Sandspytte half an hour unto the jettys at which the boats did lie; where, saith to say, I did most faithfully set foot once more upon Mother Earth for the swaying and the swaying and the groaning of the coach, which had no little affrighted me upon the way.

Yet had I not taken above two paces from the spot, when I was set upon by such a press of foul and stinking knaves as, pray God, shall never again be my ill fortune to come withal, when they catching at their hanh' torque in such wise as "Koo-koo-koo-koo-koo," so that I could scarce live for the throng and the stench of them. And assuredly had I suffered both hurt and dispoliment at their hands, for they did lay upon them a stout english sergeant, who did lay about him most laudily crying in a great voice, "Boko, boko" and "Sub cheewee woppe," to their great despite so that they did specially pull and fling at this my dear comrade. And he did put me in mind of him of whom the propher Isaiah spake, when he said, "One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one."

Anton to the water's edge and my host and his two there awaiting me with their two children and these being of a most sprightly humour, the one having a young tortoise for a plaything and the other a little spade for the building of castles upon the strand. Wherein, methought, mightily did the need of discretion; and slightly did I lay about me, both small while upon the water and there arose a contention bewixt the twain, the one desiring the tortoise and the other not willing that he should have it. And so the brother, biting his sister upon the head, whereupon she fell to lamenting most piteously; and upon the father chastising his son for his cruelty there arose such an oulation about the waters as did affright the very



"REALLY Hug!—You may have bestman at my wedding, but you needn't start aspiring to be correspondent, at my divorce!"

fools among the mangroves encompassing the creek. And thereafter peace for a while; for mine host, perceiving the case well, to wit the tortoise, lying upon her back upon the floor all unperceived, did lay a day's work to impress her sniftly within a little basket beside the boat's mast; wherein did lie great comfort for the tortoise, this same basket containing many fair meats and salads demanded for the delighting of our master. And when the boat did get off full of feasting, did contrive to clamber from her delectable durance and thence upon the boat's floor all besmeared with pastes and saucers to the great present merriment and good doings of us all. And so, with a goodly amount of time in great haste, for that we did loge when a mudhund, at which time the sailors going overboard to lighten our craft, nerds must mine host's great fool of a dog do likewise; and being brought at last hindmost again did so go about and waded himself as to baptize us mightily with water and mud to our great discontent.

Thereafter upon our coming to Sandspytte mine host did straightway present me that she had been a witness of the waves and manner of certain tales I had heard concerning a little mean sort of fish known as Bluboth or Portuguese Man-o'-war in this sea, the which, they say, stings most horribly, for which they did groan and blaspheme most wildly, crying upon his name for an hour when a passage his discomfort; to the which, slack, she could not give him for the lack of some device, which they do call in these parts the "Kolnika Cheese." Whereupon he, greatly wroth, did seize a board of wood and beat the same upon the silt in a hasty a fashion that the sile did run straightly out for the most part upon my nose, at which mishap he did laugh most heartily and I too, for the matter of that, albeit

with less conviction. And but a little while later, to add to the sum of our misfortune, did mine host's great fool of a dog in leaping hither and thither knock down and break the flask containing the liquor with its head and cause to mine hostess's great sorrow, such thicks being very costly, it seems, in these waffles times.

And thereafter having drunk somewhat of warm ale and a warm gin or two which I had been given of by the master, the tortoise had not seen fit to doffle, I, under the persuasion of Morphine, did go and lay me full gladly upon a mattress within the shade. But mine host, perceiving me, did upbraid the sordy for not making use of the same, whereupon I did contrive to unlatch it so that the sile withal, albeit smiling bravely withal, Moreover, in this disgusting employ did I acquit myself to the great displeasure of mine host for the loss of a glass, which I did break in a wave or swam of cutters in the surf. "Durum; sed ille fit patiens," as Plaescit hat it.

Thereafter at last to bed, but not so long as I did have, did I have a dream which mine host's son coming secretly did contrive to unlatch it so that it fell straightway down and did engulf me utterly within its beams and canvas. And while I lay thus helpless this same night did I see a small white plumed bird, nimbly able to burmite in the sand in such wise as would have done credit to any sexton. And being at last released from my imprisonment and half choked with sand withal, all thoughts of sleep being now fled from me, I did

"Five Per Cent For Heating!"

On Simla's icy mountain-top
We live—mid snow and hail and
sleet—
Mid cold and rain
With frozen feet—
Without a drop of water hot!
Our noses red—
Our spirits blue—
We are a patriotic crew!
But there is one thing that we
resent,
And it is that extra five per cent
FOR HEATING!

Hotels are draughty, bleak, and
cold
But still they charge "for
heating!"—
And if the inmates make so bold
To summon courage to complain,
Their rates are only raised again
At the next Directors' Meeting!
We're rather smelly and unwashed
Because there's no hot water—
And if we ask for it we're squashed
And told we didn't oughter!
We're told we're *awfully* lucky
To pay double for a stable,
And that we must be plucky
And remember those unable
To live in all this "luxury"—
Where hotels throw in pneumonia
—free!

And think how *horror* off we would
be
Were we in Enemy Territor-ee—
(But that's not helping you and
me!)—
And still we pay for "heating"!"

Chorus

We've measles and chills
And all other ills
To which the flesh is heir.
We're cold and we're damp—
We've chilblains and cramp—
We've no coal and scant wood—
We'd be clean—if we could—
But we've no water for washing—
And what is so crushing—
And so dashed unfair—
And so hard to bear—
And what takes so much heating—
And causes this sad blathering—
Is, as I hope you're aware,
THAT WE'RE STILL PAYING
FOR "HEATING"!!!"

"Patut."

resign myself thereto, forth to gazing
again upon the sea and did do get
myself back therefrom, so that I was
hard put to it thereto, to wear the
proper air of enjoyment furling to this
sort of occasion.

And at last, the evening growing chill,
to the boat again to my content, to
homewards I went, straight to say,
but that the tortoise did fall overboard,
whether by design or chance I know not,
to the great grief of the little maid, who
would not be comforted for all that her
father did assert again and again
that said tortoise was but a turtle in
truth and would fare exceeding well in
the water.

And so to mine own lodgings and to
the case of mine own chair and a goblet
of fair scotch whisky. And anon to me
there came a messenger bearing a billet,
which I opening did read as follows,
"Dear Mr. Jepsy, We are making up a
party for next Sunday for Sandspytte
Mahi Road, Bombay, and would be very happy if you would be
of our number....."

RATIONING

If you have difficulty under our
rationing scheme in procuring your
copy regularly write to the Circula-
tion Manager, The "ONLOOKER,"
United India Building, Sir Piroth-
shah Mehta Road, Bombay.



Members of the Sukkur W.V.S. (who also run a soldiers' canteen at Rohri Junction) at a Red Cross Work Party. Reading from L. to R. are:—(STANDING) Miss Merchant, Mrs. Holt, President of the W.V.S., and wife of Mr. E. H. Holt, I.C.S. Collector, Sukkur, on the verandah of whose bungalow this photograph was taken; Mrs. Judge, wife of Mr. D. Judge, late D.S.P., Sukkur, now in Karachi; Mrs. Hindenburg, wife of Mr. H. Hindenburg, Manager, Associated Cement Company, Rohri; Mrs. Croftie, Convenor of the Red Cross Work Party and wife of Mr. J. Croftie, Mechanical Engineer for Sind, P.W.D., and Mrs. Thompson, Hon. Secretary, W.V.S. and wife of Mr. A. C. B. Thompson, Agent, Imperial Bank of India, Sukkur. (SITTING) Miss Norma Birkeet, Mrs. Lewis, wife of Mr. F. Lewis, late Deputy Supt. of Police, Sukkur, now in Shikarpur; Miss Sudhira, daughter of Mr. T. Sudhira, Advocate; Mrs. Longman, wife of Mr. W. N. Longman, Supt., Jail, Sukkur; Mrs. Adriamwalla, Mrs. Bam, wife of Mr. P. Bam, Chief Engineer, Associated Cement Co., Rohri; and Mrs. Birkeet, wife of Mr. R. Birkeet, Sukkur. Members unable to be present include:—Mrs. Paymaster, wife of Mr. B. B. Paymaster, Sessions Judge; Mrs. Mulchand, Mrs. Sethna, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Puri, Mrs. Sorabji and Miss Bharucha.



Mrs. Alex Burnet-Lawson at the Bombay Races. She is here looking back over the hard work she did at the Red Cross Fete organised by Mrs. Tulayrkanhan and at which she successfully conducted "Ye Old" Ship Inn."



The Children's Recreational Centre, Lahore, which is being run by the Punjab Children's Aid Society, and which is the hub of various activities of the children, was visited recently by Lady Glancy. Those in the group include:—Mrs. B. L. Rullia Ram, Mrs. Puri, Mrs. Pandit, Mrs. Nasir, Lady Glancy, D. B. Raja Narendra Nath, Mrs. Barucha, Miss E. M. White, in charge of the Centre, and Mr. J. G. Bhandari.



The exhibition in the Victory Shop at Simla of Red Cross Hospital Stores and comforts and samples of Prisoners of War parcels during Red Cross Week was of interest. Practical demonstrations were also given. The sum raised in Simla during the Week amounts to over Rs. 18,000. The group in front of Victory Shop shows from L. to R. —Mrs. Bosworth, Mrs. Andrews, Nursing Officer; Mrs. Phipson, Mrs. Tennant, L. Dist. Supt.; Mrs. Mose, Nursing Sister and Mrs. Bapuji.



Members of the Indian War Services Entertainment Committee, Vizagapatam, which is working for the amanies of the Indian troops and officers. The various activities of the Committee include:—organising and managing the various entertainments, free cinema shows, entertainments in the trains with magic and magic, free tiffin counters and selling various articles at the lowest cost price, visiting hospital and distributing sweets and so on to the I.W.S. patients. From L. to R. are:—(FRONT ROW) Mrs. Manekji, Miss Lazarus, Mrs. Iweriah, Mrs. P. N. Ramaswami (President), Mrs. P. S. Naidu, Dr. (Miss) Naidu, and Rao Sahib P. S. Naidu. (BACK ROW) Mr. M. Patabhramma Rao, Mr. S. A. Reddy, Mr. P. Murugayya, Dr. Iweriah, Mr. D. Sitaramamurti, Secretary, and Mr. M. Venkataraman.



Lt.-General Finnis, N. W. Army, in happy mood at tea with Brigadier and Mrs. Stubbings, during the visit of H. E. the Commander-in-Chief to the K.G.R.I.M. School, Thelum, to open the new house named after him, Auchinleck House.



Some of the officers of a Divisional Headquarters "somewhere in India." From L. to R. are:—Capt. Bakshi Sing, Major (the Rev.) W. Hall, Lt. W. H. Fairhurst, Major H. B. Grimley, M.B.E., and Capt. N. L. Macassey.



(L. to R.) Major Johnny Miles, Capt. Gee-Heaton and Lt. Phillipson, all of the R.I.A.S.C., face the sun with a smile, from a station "somewhere in India."



Officers of a Madras Regt. Battalion snapped during an off duty period. They are from L. to R.—(IN FRONT) Lt. W. Walters, Capt. K. B. A. Easthope and Capt. M. M. Butcher. (IN THE REAR) Lt. J. A. C. Franklin and Capt. J. H. Williams.

Have You Read about:

“The Red Tape Worm”

On Page 95 of "The Onlooker" Book of Verse.
See Page 50 for full details.

A happy Sunday morning trio at the Jullundur Club, L. to R. are:—Capt. J. Hodgson, Miss J. Hinchcliffe, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R., and Capt. C. Bushby.



Capt. George Anderson, "Andy" to most of his friends, watches the game with great interest, while awaiting his turn to bat.



At an "At Home" given by Capt. A. A. Greenwood and Capt. Nawabzada S. Muratza Ali Khan, A.D.C., to H.E. the Commander-in-Chief. From L. to R. are:—Capt. J. B. F. Fortune, M.C., S. Ldr. F. T. Cox, Capt. G. H. U. Crookshank, Capt. J. Schuller, Capt. A. A. Greenwood, Capt. Nawabzada S. Muratza Ali Khan, Major P. D. Cousin, S. Ldr. S. D. Wilson, Capt. the Earl of Lulworth, and Lt.-Col. P. R. Ridgway, T.D.



Officers of an Indian Air Force Squadron had a day off recently in Bhopal, where they enjoyed boating and swimming. Photograph shows from L to R. . . (STANDING) P/O Roy, P/O Barua, F/O Akhtar, S/Ldr. Prithivipal Singh, F/O Mehta, P/O David, P/O Pawar, P/O Noronha, F/O Deca, E/O Bakshi, P/O Nurelchi, P/O Deshmukh, and F/O P. Satyendra. (SITTING) F/O Base, F/O Thaper, F/O Aspar Khan, P/O Chawla and P/O Gupta. The Indian Air Force celebrates the anniversary of its establishment in April.



With full Olympic rituals, H.E. the Commander-in-Chief declared open the *Yadvendra Stadium* at Patiala in the presence of a huge gathering, including Lady Auchinleck. Their Highnesses of Ranpur, Nubba and Jind, and high civil and military officers. In the picture H.E. the C.-in-C., accompanied by H.H. the Maharajah of Patiala, is seen arriving at the Olympic Stadium.



The Supreme Commander, S.E.A.C., recently visited some Coastal Forces personnel. The officers seen here from L. to R. are:—Commander Ashby, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Capt. Busbridge, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lt. Hamish Mackenzie, Burma R.N., Lt. Hayes-Cock, R.N.V.R., and Lt. Franklin, R.N.



Col. Johnson Cole, Assistant Director of Recruiting, and Vice-Admiral Godfrey, F.O.C., R.I.N., photographed at the War Services Exhibition held recently in Patiala, in connection with the Olympic Games.



The Children's Meet, outside the Kennels, Peshawar Vale Hunt

Why Not Keep A Hunting Diary?

By Georgina.

ON my ninth birthday, some time ago now, I'm afraid, I was presented with a book, which was to be my Hunting Diary. It was a stout, leather-bound exercise book, and on its fly leaf the donor wrote my name, followed by these instructions:

"First put the date, day of month and year—then what Hounds you were out with, where they met, where they found, where they stopped, who was killed—how long they ran when and where they checked—what you rode—how you were carried—who was out and anything else of note."

For children this is an ideal and most accurate way of keeping back one can get a great deal of amusement out of reading one's amateurish efforts, but I don't think it matters when one starts. I used to write up my hunts most methodically every evening on my return home, and my mother would add: "Showing?" Point-to-Points, and any other horse events in which I took part. Before me now I have a most interesting (if only to myself) record of all my hunts, short and to come from my first dog, up until the present time. Sometimes I admit it needed a little will power to get down to pen and paper, but it is worth it.

Photos Of My Horses

I used to, in photos of many of the ponies and, later, horses I rode hunting and showing, numerous paper cuttings of runs, Hunt Balls, show results together with Show Catalogues and photographs from illustrated papers of—perhaps, my judges, or fellow-competitors, if not of myself. I used to draw on my pencil, as am many people who love riding and horses, and I illustrated fairly profusely when I was younger such events as when I attended, at a tender age, on great occasions, the Royal Show, had a race round with the other competitor in a most undignified manner twice round the ring (I couldn't stop it), and other amusing episodes.

I do feel increasingly grateful to my grandfather, who gave it to me, because it is a continual source of amusement and interest, and it is fun to recall the runs one has perhaps forgotten, to see how one's writing changes from year to year, and also, interesting the young ones to take notes of what theounds are doing, so that at the end of a day they can write up a fair if not entirely adequate description. I have accounts of hunts with the Holderness, York and Ainsty, South Yorkshire, and the Westmorland, as well as P.V.H., of horses all over India, and in many parts of England, of pagal gymkhana, Point-to-Points, and many illustrations, to mention the contents but briefly. So I suggest, if you are hunting, that you keep a diary, a gift for a niece in England, or one of your

keen young offspring in India, you give her or him a Hunting Diary as it is obviously a gift which will be appreciated, or again, if you are hunting, to spare occasionally, and hope to get the odd day's Hunting and Showring now and again, begin one yourself.

Hunting At 9

Here, with corrected spelling included, is the account I wrote of my second day's hunting, aged nine, so therefore you must not expect too much.

December 31st 19—With the Holderness at Kilwick Pury.

We were in time for the meet, I trotted about outside the pub for a few times as I thought he would be fresh because he was very naughty yesterday. He behaved very well.

The Hounds did a small cover and then the dogs had run all the time we went after him, they did not kill it so then we went on to another place and found another fox after hunting it for some time all came home.

I saw Jane and her two brothers, Granville, John and Jennifer, Hines, O'Malley the Cob, Mary rode Dunning. There were no trayegies and my pony carried the very well."

Maybe that doesn't sound very exciting but by the time it was thirteen I had written down most accounts in fair hunting language, so hunting without luck and, believe me, you or your children will be in for an immense amount of enjoyment.



Mrs. C. D. Taylor, wife of Lt.-Col. C. D. Taylor, well known before the war among members of the Bombay Hunt and Bombay Light Horse, seen here with one of her lovely Alsatians. Mrs. Taylor, "Fredda" to her friends, received a Kaisar-i-Hind medal in the New Year's Honours.

The Meerut Kadir, 1944

By Major G. P. Hall.

It is difficult to describe the thrill of finding oneself back in the old haunts after 15 months' absence. One's first thought is for one's horse; can he still be had? Is he still there? last out two days? Hunting? One no longer has a car nor has anyone else so a bus has to be hired. 'Bible carts' cost double and beaters want more but it is all we can afford.

A woman now running the ten club, Old Hog Hunters will probably turn in their graves, but without the assistance of Mrs. Jackman and many who have helped during the war years the M.T.C. would no longer have continued. The men of the day, the beaters, are working and if they can snatch a day in the Kadir they have certainly not got the time to lay on the boughs.

We hope to leave at 9 o'clock in order to arrive in time for a few hours' hunting about 10, with the dogs starting for that on the morrow. Perhaps the hunt is best forgotten as only the dogs achieve a modicum of comfort. Suffice it to say that we arrive at last to be greeted by old Babu, the shikari and his camel, who are as supercilious as ever.

"Salam Babu!"

He looks younger, although he must be over 70, and we tell him so which pleases him.

"Ah, there are sorry?" A look of vast contempt spreads over his face. "Of course there are sorry; at least six." But that is all for tomorrow and we only have two hours in which to shoot something in the pony traps, and the traps are traps and we are off. It is all Black Partridge, mostly in sugar cane and we are all out of practice. We shoot abominably but it is great to handle a gun again and get back to hot tea and a nice round in a tent of a roasting camp fire.

A Chilly Start

A chilly start before dawn as we are hunting Binner Island, six miles away and the "hut" will not be swelt the Georges are a breed of both will not carry a weight. We are on the hunting ground at last but only three spears. John Glen, the policeman, who is an old hand and Chris Lewis, our Group Captain, lie down to try hard with a spear for the first time.

Cover is terribly thick and three hours hunting and false alarms lowers everyone's spirits. It is always thick at this time of the year, a fact that one *apt* to forget, Babu is incomparable and we suggest a walk for him.

We start again in a better frame of mind and before we are 10 minutes on the line the "ace wallah's" flag goes up. He is no fool so it must be readable and we dash forward but the boat has a long start and is lost. Nothing for it but to canter back and start the line again.

"Where did the brute go?" If only one knew!

My wife, who is with Babu on the camel, sees something in a bush. We

gather round, but the old man says it is only a hare. However, he condescends to put the camel into it.

"Woof, woof," and a thundering big pig comes out. Beaters scatter in every direction and the dogs after. A fast pig for its size but we have a start this time. Oh, the thrill of galloping over the Kadir on a good horse. That was a nullah but the mare saw it first and we are over. A bit of thick stuff and we are through it and are out in the open again. Pig getting tired and means business.

Anyone's pig but Chris is on him. No? He has turned and is coming to me. Blast! I have to jump and John has not turned but he has broken a shaft. A good pig this and he is coming to me again. Oh, what joy! That was a good one and slowed him up but I must put in another quickly as the mare is still there. Thick cover again and I overtake him. He turns and goes and is into us. A bad spear that and the mare's heels go up. A sickening thud. Has he got us? No, the mare has caught him a corker and he is down. Well done, John!

We all seem to be there at the end, girl and camel. Oh, for an lead drink! How long did it last? Perhaps only ten minutes but every second packed with thrill. The girls want to get home before dark as it is a three hour walk and Chris must go with them.

Grass Eight Feet High

The mare is done and has to hunt the next day but John can lend me another and the "hut" will not be swelt the Georges are a breed of both will not carry a weight. We are on the hunting ground at last but only three spears. John Glen, the policeman, who is an old hand and Chris Lewis, our Group Captain, lie down to try hard with a spear for the first time.

Cover is terribly thick and three hours hunting and false alarms lowers everyone's spirits. It is always thick at this time of the year, a fact that one *apt* to forget, Babu is incomparable and we suggest a walk for him.

A chilly morning with a cold. Does the horse jump? He does but it is not the sort of ditch one should have jumped and we are in it. Will he roll on my legs? He does, but the ground is still here and I am up again. John has a spear and does not know how to give the "coupe de grace". Nice work John, another 15 yards and the pig would have made it.

It is nearly dark now and we must be eight miles from camp. A long hard dash and dash again. John has to go to work and tomorrow we must hunt again. Babu has a pincer marked down and we may be able to sit up for that before we leave.

Such is a day in the Kadir, inadequately described, but can you wonder that one always returns again?

LIFE IN INDIA

Huntin', Shootin' and Fishin',
Mirrored in Amusing Verse.

See Advertisement on page 50.



During the Jacobabad Horse Show week Mr. Roger Pearce, the Collector, and his wife, and Mr. Andrew Davies, D.S.P. (extreme left), had large house parties although, as hosts and hostess, they do not appear to have been unduly worried. In the centre is one of the most entertaining visitors, Major Denis Abar, impersonating Mr. Middleton behind the hollyhocks in the Residency garden. On the right are a few of the members of the house parties. They are from L. to R.—Mrs. Mrs. (Bunty) Thompson, Mrs. Jane Holt, wife of Mr. E. H. Holt, Collector of Sukkur, Richard Holt, and Mr. Reginald Simpson, I.P.

Tiger Shooting In Indian Forests

By Major G. S. Parti

IN India, it is a wide and common belief that when a collector in the protected forests and when a person goes on shooting has only to visit one of the forests and his interview with a tiger is a matter of course. The dream of a young shikari in this direction, however, is quickly shattered after his first visit to a forest, where he may have spent a good deal of time and money trying to bag one of these, and the falsity of the above belief is quickly realised.

In forests which are easily accessible and are only a day or two's journey from large cities much slaughter has been done by so-called 'week-end' shikaris, who, by killing and wounding wild animals like deer on which the tiger preyed, have destroyed the tiger's food, and have driven him to seek it much away from borders of civilisation where game may still be had for stalking.

In hill ranges and big forests a sportsman still sometimes sees the sight of big pug marks on the ground, but beyond this there is no further evidence of their existence as tigers are great travellers and each one wanders over a large area stalking game which he loves, and sometimes killing cattle, not confined to one village but one here and one there, in places lying distant miles. The tiger of these days is shikari's hope must be supported by 'luck' if he is to bag one.



This photograph was taken a few hours after the shoot and shows the author, Major G. S. Parti, seated on the tiger's stiffened body.

Man-eating tigers are extremely rare but they still inspire terror in the hearts of villagers living near jungles as no villager can feel safe over the area ranged by such a beast. I had the good fortune to meet a few years ago which had killed few unfortunate innocents. The chief victims were wood-cutters or young boys looking after cattle. There is generally no escape for such, as a man-eater crawls to within a few yards of his victim and then gives a sharp cry of pain and terror from the unfortunate, perhaps, whilst the murderer makes for some thick hide with his prey to make his meal. I have no desire to tell that story here in detail as it has already been told elsewhere.

Shooting From Elephants
Much has been said about various methods employed in shooting tiger as this form of sport cannot be compared to shooting or stalking other game. Some prefer hounds, abating from elephants where high grass prevents a person from getting a clear view of the game even at a distance of few yards apart. More experienced prefer to stalk, some arrange large organised beats and others sit over hills. I have personally never experienced shooting a tiger from the back of an elephant, though I believe this form of sport must be very interesting and exciting. It is mainly confined to those with large pockets who can afford considerable expense.

I have had occasions when I could have arranged to shoot one or two elephants in the jungle but I have always avoided them for reasons of my own, chief of which was the risk involved in using an untrained animal which will not face a tiger.

I have frequently organised beats except in the hills where these have almost always resulted in the tiger escaping through the ring. On one of these beats I had arranged to beat a particular plantation for sambhar and deer or anything else that might run up. The beat began and after a short time I

caught a glimpse of a few sambhar running down the nullah to my right about 200 yards away. Selecting a good head, I fired my rifle at the running sambhar, and it fell.

The beat continued over as the men now heard a shot fired than they left in a hurry to see what had been killed in spite of my protest, and contrary to all instructions given.

I pointed out to beaters the direction where the sambhar had taken and told them to go around that hill and start beat from behind working it down the nullah where I would take up a position. This done, the men went on to the next beat and selected a suitable place and waited. After a short time I heard the shouts of beaters afar off, but their progress was slow. No sambhar appeared and I got a bit tired and drowsy.

(Continued on page 44)



Captain Roy Harris, recently in Ooty. Capt. Harris was stand-off half for Bath pre-war, and got a Trial for England.

My Shooting Autobiography

2. First Days In Persia

By Major R. L. Herdon, M.R.E.

WE arrived in Persia in September, 1918, to join the Bushire Field Force. Landing at Bushire late one evening we marched the few miles to Keshir where we joined the Bass camp... had taken out a gun with me, a special one, being a hammerless which I had bought some time before from that genial personality the late Duke Young of the North Western Railway, and I was soon seeking out what game there was in the vicinity during my first few days. Actually there was very little; a few doves is all I can remember shooting!

However, I had some interesting rambles round the various Consulates, all but the British being fords and ditches, and I was soon making a considerable circuit round the big empty rooms of the German Consulate, picnicing to myself brilliant functions and gatherings—and all the endless intrigue—which those deserted chambers must have seen in the past.

The German Consul himself had escaped into the interior shortly after the outbreak of war and, being a resourceful and ingenious old gentleman, had raised quite considerable amount of trouble for us for a period of over many years. Cut off from all his resources, he yet managed to raise a lot of money for his campaign in a number of ingenious ways.

Those were the early days of wireless and certainly there were few of the inhabitants of Persia who had any

(Continued on page 44)



Uberoi—Lamba

S. Kuldip Singh Uberoi, son of Major Tejash Singh Uberoi, with his bride Sheila Lamba, daughter of Sardar Kuldip Singh Lamba, Honorary Magistrate and Provincial Darbari.



White—Birks

S/Ldr. L. B. White, and Miss Lucille Birks, who recently married in Bombay. From left to right: S/Ldr. A. Thompson, bridegroom and bride, Capt. C. J. Harrison and in front Penelope Rhodes.

Hamilton Studios.



Wilkinson—Burns

Sub-Lt. Alan Wilkinson, R.I.N.V.R., with his bride, Miss Ellen Burns at the reception held at the Indian House, Bombay, after their wedding at St. Thomas' Cathedral.



The engagement is announced between Lt. Colin Cameron Webb of Lahore and Miss Pamela Audrey Tutt of Simla.



Grant—Ward

After the wedding recently at Bangalore of Capt. Christopher Grant, youngest son of the late Admiral Sir Heathcoat Salisbury Grant, R.C.M.G., K.C.B., and Lady Grant, of Bonar House, Bonar, Scotland, and Miss Margaret Jackson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ward, The Cottage, Felmersham, Bedfordshire, England.



Hooper—Sell

Mr. Leslie E. Hooper, elder son of the late Mr. F. E. Hooper and Mrs. Hooper of Madras was married recently at George's Cathedral, Madras, to Hazel Sell, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sell of Madras.



The engagement is announced between Major T. H. Hopkins, A.I.R.O., attached R.I.A.S.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Hopkins of Chewton Kevisham, Somerset, and Audrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lewis of Knowle, Bristol.



The engagement has been announced between Major John Richard Meredith, Indian Engineers, and Amgoorle Tea Estates, Assam, only son of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. H. Meredith, Bournemouth, and Duphne Barbara, eldest daughter of Mr. S. T. H. Munday, I.S.E., United Provinces, and Mrs. Munday.

"Onlookers" For Abroad

We are glad to be able to inform readers that single copies of periodicals such as *The Onlooker* may be freely sent abroad without export licence.



**Khalian-Singhania**

Shrimati Mangla Gauri, the eldest daughter of Late Kalashpati Singhania, the Director of L. K. Industries, President of All India Club of Calcutta, and brother of Sir Purnamit Singhania, M.L.A., married Sri Tej Narain Khalian, son of Sri Debi Prasad Khalian, M.L.A., of Calcutta. Mr. Debi Prasad Khalian is Director of some prominent Birsa enterprises and an eminent politician of Bengal. Important people from all over the country joined the ceremony and many valuable presents were received by the bride from her parents and their friends.

**Wade-Gilchrist**

S/Ldr. R. A. Wade, R.A.F.V.R., of Bangalore, and Miss Margaret Gibson Gilchrist, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (R) of Edinburgh, who were recently married at Secunderabad, Deccan.

**Jenkins-Sharp**

Capt. John Peter ("Junior") Jenkins and his bride Miss Yolande Sharpe, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Sharpe of Hubli and Madras. There was a large attendance at the reception given by the bride's parents at their residence at Hubli and also at a cocktail party given in Belgaum in the evening at the house of Major and Mrs. Coad for those who could not, on account of petrol restrictions, attend the wedding. The young couple, who are well known and much liked in Belgaum, have settled down to work again.

**Bingley-Chandraprabhu Bai**

Capt. B. R. Bingley, Director of Agriculture, Indore, and Honorary A.D.C. to His Highness the Maharaja Holkar, was married at Indore to Miss Chandraprabhu Bai, daughter of Sardar R. K. Zanane.

**Powell-Wilkinson**

The marriage took place at Christ Church, Cannongate, of Ronald Lloyd Powell and Zek Mary Wilkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wilkinson. The group photograph taken during the reception at "White House", the home of the bride's parents, shows from L. to R. (BACK ROW)—Miss Joan Gordon, the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Rangoon, the bridegroom and the bride, Mr. I. J. MacMaster, bestman, Miss Anne West, and the Rev. D. J. Bower. (FRONT ROW)—Mr. Wilkinson, Morag Bannerman, Roy Hamilton, Jean Mears and Mrs. Wilkinson.

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**Gore-Webb**

The wedding took place recently at St. Joseph's Church, Chelmsford, of Lt. Col. G. C. G. E., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gore of Preston, Lancashire, and Dorothy Rose Webb, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Webb of Lahore and Lewton Abbott, Devon, and Mrs. Webb.

**Joyne-Garnett**

The wedding was celebrated recently in Pudhent of Major C. P. A. Joyne, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. A. Joyne of New Delhi and Falmouth-Second Parissa Garnett, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Ingham of Exmouth, Devon.

**Youngson-Liddell**

Lieut. W. A. H. Youngson of the Gordon Highlanders attd. R.A.S.C. and Miss Winona Ann Liddell were recently married at Lucknow. The bride, who is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. C. O. Liddell of Lucknow, wore a beautiful gown of chiffon lace. In attendance were Isha Liddell, bridemaid; Jennifer Twiss, flower girl; and Lieut. S. Harbisher, bestman.



F/O Harchand Dewan from Lahore (RIGHT) granted commission in the I.A.F. in 1940, he completed his training in England and was attached to a Bomber Squadron operating over enemy occupied Europe. To the LEFT is S/Ldr. Sandhu of Amritsar, Navigator.



F/O Jagjit Singh of Amritsar (LEFT) and F/O Varma of Karachi, Jagjit, shot down while on operations, struggled back 70 miles on foot, by ferry and truck to his base. After a 36 hour sleep he was in the air again.



Indian A.I.F.

11 Y



S/Ldr. Mehar Singh, Commanding Officer of his squadron. Below: F/O

Many Happy Returns!

ELFVEN years old in April, 1944, the Indian Air Force can look back on a year during which, besides operational experience, it has continued to consolidate the progress made since the outbreak of 'war.'

The development of the I.A.F.—the first completely Indian Service—from a small party of enthusiasts to its present place of importance in this war, is a story of achievement of which India should be proud.

Starting in 1931 with one flight only it made slow yet sure progress until 1939. Since then the expansion of I.A.F. has been rapid and simultaneously the process of re-equipping its squadrons with modern aircraft has gone ahead.



A cheerful evening in the mess.

LEFT: A few of the pilots and air gunner, I.A.F. squadron pilots (GETTING ON WING, top): F/O Nurkar of Nagpur, F/O Aliark, F/O Jaspal, F/O Atiz of Lahore, F/O Dogra of Kangra, F/O Chuk, F/O Dorabji of Poona, F/O S/Ldr. Laxman, Air-Gunner (below) from L. F/O Andrews of Yorkshire, F/O Coo Lancashire, F/O Sadig of Kohat, Sgt. Hyderabad, F/O Dastur of Bombay and F/O of Calcutta.

Force Now s Old



I.A.F. Hurricane Squadron
invites to Air Marshal Sir John
hi (facing camera)



air crews after the day's work

RIGHT Air crews sunning themselves on the
Burma Front. Group includes F/O
Bawa of Calcutta, F/O Trevor Andrews
of Port Kunming, Sq. Pilla, F/O Bowring,
F/O Attil of Lahore, F/O Sadig
of Kohat, F/O Khan of Aligarh,
F/O Narsarkar of Nagpur, Sgt. Khan
and F/O Marathe



F/O Baldev Singh Dogra the only Rajput from Kangra in the I.A.F. (CENTRE) with
his pet monkey Vengee the only lady with the squadron a present from an
American pilot. Vengee has taken part in many raids over Germany and Italy
To the right, F.O. Sadig Singh Jayal the only pilot from Kapurthala and F.O. Philip
Joseph Channer (Left) of Bangalore who has been an instructor for some years
Many of his pupils are now flying in operations with him



F/Lt. Amerita
passes the
camera before leaving
on a sortie over
enemy-occupied Burma



After being briefed this Vulture Vengeance crew hasten to their aircraft
F/O Sharma pilot of Lucknow and F/O Sadig the reargunner from Kohat





This elegant young man is Prince Muzaffar Mohamad Khan, grandson of His Highness the Nawab Sahib Bahadur of Palanpur. Prince Mohamad Khan is about 43 years old and his "Bismillah" ceremony was celebrated recently.



Sandra and Rayfel are the children of Capt. Norman Roseman, R.A.O.C., now in India, and Mrs. Roseman, formerly of South Africa and now of London. Sandra was 3½ and Rayfel about a year older when the photograph was taken.



Mahboob and Fawlik Chinoy, the two stalwart sons of Mr. and Mrs. Habib N. Chinoy of Bombay.



This attractive little fellow is Christopher Blenkinsop, son of Captain and Mrs. N. Blenkinsop of Mhow.



Carolyn Hester (generally known as "The Sowak"), enjoying a holiday at Madhopur. She is the little daughter of Mr. A. M. R. Montagu, Chief Engineer and Secretary to Government, Punjab, P.W.D., I.B., and Mrs. Montagu.



These three jolly youngsters, Michael, Gillian and Douglas, are the children of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. de Wilton. They live in Dehra Dun.



Stuart, Hugh and Michael are the three fine sons of the Resident in Mysore, Col. Fraser, and Mrs. Fraser.



Michael John, the one-year-old son of Capt. Arthur L. Pereira, Indian Engineers, and Mrs. Pereira.



Shahjahan and his big brother, Ranji, the sons of Mr. Lall, I.P., Supt. of Police, Jullander, and Mrs. Lall. Shahjahan helped to collect a large sum of money during the Red Cross week in Jullander.



Christopher and Patrick, aged five years and one year, are the children of Lt.-Col. F. J. F. Whittington, Punjab Regiment, and Mrs. Whittington.



Joan and Diana are the daughters of Capt. and Mrs. R. B. Adams, formerly of Rangoon, Burma. Mrs. Adams and the little girls are now residing in Darjeeling, N. India.



An amusingly posed snapshot of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. J. W. Smart and their children, Bryan and Belinda, taken in their garden in Delhi. Lt.-Col. Smart is attached to the HQ. of the Adjutant-General's Corps, Indian States Forces, and Mrs. Smart has a job at the G.H.Q., though not in uniform, and looks quite well in spite of two hot weathers in the plains.

From Handbag To Hat

By "Grete."

BUYING a new hat in India has always been more of a problem than the joy it ought to be, even in pre-war days, but now, of course, it is literally a case of 'take what you can get,' and if you are stationed up country, as so many people are, you just have to go without. I have one now, it's a hat a very often these days, but there is always the odd occasion when one is absolutely necessary.

I was at my friend Judy's bungalow when she received an invitation to the last-mentioned. How lucky could I be! Not having been born for over five years it was with a very despondent air that she looked over all her hats. In any case, being mostly of either straw or linen they were totally unsuitable for the heat and dust of the country. In February when sun and swarms are so essential, and she had nothing at all that would go with her new Persian Lamb coat. After searching through several boxes, we came across a small crocheted bag—just a strip of double muslin that had been stitched in at each end, lined, and with a zip fastener at the top made into a handbag. Actually the zip had been removed long ago and used for something else. Suddenly Judy sprang up and said, "I've got an idea." She took her head, leaped over to a mirror. Pulled well down on to the right side of her forehead with the front peak dented in and a couple of black quills at one side, this extraordinary thing turned into the most fascinating little hat.

We still continued our rummaging and presently discovered some odd pieces of chiffon velvet, the remains of an old evening coat. These, after a little planning, were transformed into a hat. A fairly wide double strip of velvet was used to go round the head and this was finished off with a large butterfly bow in front. Narrow pieces twisted and interlaced about an inch apart made an airy but very attractive crown. When completed it could be worn equally effectively either at the back of the head, halo fashion, or low on the forehead and well to one side.

When Judy returned from her round of gathering she told me that some of the garments had to be seen that was a black felt which, as trimming, had a band of mustard-coloured wool round its shallow crown with two cunning swirls in front, one a little higher than the other.

Choosing A Present For The New Baby

By V.E.D.

HERE always seem to be more babies born in the Spring than at any other time of the year, and the question of the moment, now that Spring is here, is: WHAT TO GIVE THEM? Some mothers, naturally, use this the obvious answer, and not, in so many gifts used to be before the war, something absolutely useless. On one occasion an extremely unsuitable gift was passed on to one acquaintance to another until it reached the full circle. It eventually came back to its starting place; unbelievable, but true! So let us think out something both useful and attractive and not run the risk of launching a boomerang.

Before the war it was so easy to get things from England and now it is so difficult, but this, in a way, makes it easier to choose a present; one doesn't have the feeling that the mother has already got everything she can possibly need. There is, however, one gift which is difficult to get, and either make it or get it for her, if you can. If you cannot do this, then perhaps you may find some of these suggestions helpful. The giving of these is, of course, at the mother's own request, the B.M.H. can be depended on; because one gets so many and they are not always necessary; but if you definitely wish to give some, then do see that there are ribbons at the back, instead of the ties and ribbons which are often used; they are not on these one of the main things about babies' clothes is that they should be easy and quick to manipulate, and yet we have to struggle with minute buttons at the back of the neck, which will, if you are not careful, catch the baby who have hair, get caught up with it to the intense annoyance of the baby and the added fumbling of Mamma!

Money as a present is increasingly popular; a Savings Certificate is the direct equivalent of a present, and even more, to a father's in these hard times. To give baby his own bankies is an excellent present; six, or even three; soft lawn ones can either be bought or made, with the name in the corner.

A useful present is a set of organic bags. They are most useful for keeping nappies in; we can see at a glance how many nappies are inside through the organic, and it keeps them dust-free; or they can be used for keeping garments separate. Organic, well-dyed, colourfast organic can still be had at a fairly reasonable price. The prettiest shape is that of an envelope and need no fastening.

If you can buy or make soft washable toys, you are indeed lucky, as these are



Anthony Richard Lester, the 7½-months-old son of Major and Mrs. "Gee" Dutton, taken in Rawalpindi recently.

most acceptable. But DO NOT give babies those horrible celluloid toys, dolls in particular, which break; they are usually very ugly and are dangerous. Not only are they dangerous, but they are particularly unsuitable for a small baby and cannot be kept as they crack so easily.

The attractive book in which all details about baby are kept, is nice to receive, and they are still obtainable. But it is wise to see that the inside is useful as the cover is attractive; sometimes they are not.

(Continuation next month.)

What's In A Name?

By "Mary Russell."

MOST people agree that no boy should have a quaint or romantic name—John, David or Michael is still the most popular baby name for second place. Just be sure that his initials do not spell some silly word, and the trick is done.

But for girls the choice is so large that selection is difficult. Some people are lucky in this, as family names are often chosen, but many a charming name is ruled out by the picture of the poisonous Rosemary or Monica whose desk adjoined one's own. The custom of calling children after relatives is dying out; who wants to be called Cousin Vera or Aunt Maud? And what is the use, in these impudent days?

Nothing fixes a girl's age more than a "fashionable" name, so, Susan, Anne and Jane do reflect. You now see with our contemporaries in fashion, but bear in mind Vivienne, Desiree, Avril and Undine than you for labelling them so clearly 40-44.

What then? Upper names have lost their appeal. And, while this is a Dolly, a Mary or a June, but Primrose, Hyacinth, Jasmine and Marigold might well be picked again; curiously enough, shrubs are popular, and Myrtle, Heather, Veronia or Lavender come to many a birthday.

Qualities are dangerous. Patience, Prudence and Joy are excellent attributes, but the girl at 18 will probably lack the first two and overdo the last. Descriptive names become tragically funny when Grace grows up, and, for goodness' sake, remember that the names, Blanche, crimson-cheeked and Rose, pallid, will. Amanda gets her to a nursery.

Will Amanda be a classical revival? Phoebe, Calliope, Cassandra or Hermione? Perhaps there are too ponderous for modern taste, suggesting statuary women, or battlefields.

Or back to Georgian style? Caroline, Charlotte, Arabella or Lydia must surely have admirers, and while Victorian names capture a great-aunt immediately, there is a logical choice, only, Anna and Louisa, which suggests lavender-water and maize ribbons.

And from Elizabeth, Mary and Margaret, which are eternal, there are many evergreen names that do not die. Who would like Cleopatra, Cleopatra-godmother? Although the discerning might put Phyllis, Dorothy and Hester down as 1920—or thereabouts, Catherine Hope, Jean Priscilla and Barbara Joyce are hard to place exactly.

But take care! When the weighty parentage of a name: That we both like, has been settled, when it has been formally bestowed by the proxy-godmother, it will not be used. Long before the child can walk she will be christened, and by that time she is likely to a name in all, it will be to Buntly, Billie, Podge or Jay, which is the one that will stick.



Mrs. John Sayle seems pleased with the novel method employed by her husband, Capt. Sayle, Staff Captain, Campbellspore, to take young Jeremy Sayle on a fishing expedition. Lt. Frank Bennet tends a cheerful hand at the rear.

The Art of Wearing Jewellery

By "Zita"

THIS is a Patriotic war, for jewels wear bars with perfect poise; royalty displays crown jewels with regal dignity, while the Indian princess wears her costly gems as if they were her heritage.

But what about the rest of us? How many women realise that there is an art in wearing jewellery? Wearing jewels successfully, if anything, more difficult than dressing one's clothes with chic. First, one must know what is easy to buy, and if you find that, don't save what you can give them away. But you can't buy a diamond necklace one day, and discard it the next. No, not even if you are a millionaire's wife or a Woolworth heiress.

So many women take their jewels as a matter of course, and never stop to consider that the best diamonds must shine at the biggest parties, and there the matter ends; whether these diamonds will enhance or detract from the outfit to be worn, they are not concerned at all.

Fashions in jewellery keep changing—though, fortunately for us, not with the same frequency as fashions in dress for not many of us would be able to visit the jeweller as often as we set out to buy ourselves new necklaces, bracelets and shoes. Many women don't seem to realise, however, that fashions in wearing jewellery also keep changing.

Today no really chic woman will wear a whole lot of jewels, however modern and attractive such may be in themselves.

Jewels, more than anything else, need background to show them up, and if you want to wear them with distinction, pick on one outstanding ornament as a motif, and then build around it. Play your ensemble to go with it. One or two really magnificent ornaments will make a woman look an expensive as she could wish, while—perverse though it may sound—too many glittering jewels will only make her look cheap. Avoid that "over-the-top" look, and the "jewelled" look. Jewels need, not only background but breeding behind them.

Now, don't go the other extreme, and avoid jewellery altogether. A woman should always have some jewels, particularly chintz, to do without jewels for evening wear. She must make quite sure first, that her appearance is so sparkling that it cannot be improved upon by the addition of gems, for, as a rule, jewels lend glamour to dull women, and greater brilliance to the bright.

Before you give a few gems of advice on how to wear them:

If you are wearing an exquisite sari of red and silver guaze, with silver choli and sandalas, don't proceed to don mechanically all the diamond and ruby jewels that you possess. Instead, add one outstanding object, from among them, or better still, a couple of striking emerald ornaments; this will provide a colour contrast, and suggest individuality.

If you are wearing a saree of delicate green or silver, with a heavy border, don't take for granted that all your emeralds must go with it; why not pick on some unusual ornament of amethysts or rubies? Here again you will bring in another touch of colour, plus a new note of interest.

If you are wearing sari, fly-away blouse chifion or georgette, avoid jewellery as much as possible. Does a jeweller ever display his gleaming pearls or his glistening diamonds in a case lined with heavy velvet? No. Though lovely in themselves, flowers and gems just don't go together.

The glint of diamonds lends glamour to black and silver, and the sheer of pearls combined with white and silver, brings out the best.

Long, fanciful ear-rings and longish necklaces give a suggestion of length to wide faces and short necks, while ear clasps and studs, and short modern necklaces give an illusion of width to thin faces. This is also becoming to girls with small faces and long necks. In all such matters, however, let your mirror be your final judge.

To-day there is a craze for antique Indian jewellery, and for unusual ornaments copied from Ajanta frescoes and old Mogul paintings. These lovely jewels go beautifully with the sari, and suit the Oriental type to perfection, so take advantage of the vogue, while it lasts, and see that you make it last as long as you can.



Miss Margaret Elizabeth (Peggy) Waite, W.R.N.S., daughter of the late Major J. Johnstone Waite, 9th Jat Regt., and Mrs. Waite, "Khandaali," Summerdale Park, Belfast, N. Ireland, whose engagement has been announced to Lt. Francis Harnois Cummings, U.S. Army Air Corps. He is from Texas.

Kitchen Keenness

By Margaret Brand

SOme time ago salad dressings were given under this heading and now a few good salads. Please adhere to these to get good results.

A lettuce salad. The leaves should always be cleaned in ice cold water and shaken in a wire basket to thoroughly dry without damaging the leaves. On no account use a knife, but break with the fingers if the leaves are too large. Serve in a cold glass dish and add a few drops of oil and vinegar, using oil and vinegar. I suggest you mix half a salt spoonful of salt, freshly ground pepper from a pepper mill, a pinch of sugar, and a tablespoonful of olive oil and vinegar. Fine, small dressings of oil (the best kind is bought at the chemists) with your lettuce, then add this vinegar mixture, toss all together very lightly. All should be icy cold. An unusual flavour is given to an ordinary lettuce salad by adding the leaves with well minced fresh mint and parsley, also very little finely chopped spring onion.

Apple and Celery Salad. Chop finely some well ripened apples (not very). Mix together and quickly cover with cream dressing before the apple blackens. For the dressing you just mix together some cream, lemon juice, coarse pepper and half a teaspoonful of made mustard. Serve very cold.

Potato salad of distinction. Boil some potatoes and cut into slices while hot. Cover with oil and vinegar, put into the frigidaire until very cold, just before serving add some hot pieces of crisp bacon, well sprinkled all over the potatoes and pepper and salt.

A good Tomato Salad. This, strangely enough, needs careful handling. Remove skins by pouring boiling water over them. Then cut in *thick* slices, cover with chopped parsley, then chop until smooth. Before serving, sprinkle some oil and vinegar, salt and pepper; a garnish of bunches of watercress add to its appearance and taste.



Latest addition to women's war services in India is the Naval Wing of the W.A.C. (I), formed to recruit women both Indian and British, for duties for the Royal Indian Navy. Its members wear a smart naval uniform, resembling that worn by the Royal WRENS, and perform secretarial and cypher duties at Naval Headquarters and at Indian ports. Enjoying a short spell of rest from their work at Naval Headquarters are from L to R.: Chief Petty Officer Molina Imam, Third Officer Daphne Jonas, Chief Petty Officer Joan Campbell, and Chief Petty Officer Betty Kahn, all of the W.A.C. (I) R.N. Wing.



Sira Says

You CAN Be Young Twice!

D'you feel, in this fifth year of war, that Youth Has Had Its Fling? Well, who cares if it has? Don't rascicate! Take a deep breath and take on with it a new personality; not so *jeunesse fille* as you were before, but with a chic, a Vogue-like poise, surpassing that of anyone you know. So

Go To It

Practise optical illusion. Conceal inches of width by vertical stripes, well-fitting foundations, and by having your new clothes made to measure, instead of flinging last year's model at the derbi and trying to cram yourself into the result.

Cast off that Veronica Lake ingenu hair-do, and have a consultation with your hair-dresser. Sweep your rippling waves up if they cascaded before, uncover that high intellectual brow, or give yourself a chic little neck bun if there is more than one chin to balance.

Don't shop in a hurry. Postpone it until you have a whole free morning.

Give yourself time to take a little extra care in making up your face. And can't you alter your dressing-table so that the best light falls on your face from a different angle?

Go through your wardrobe with a tooth-comb. Pretend that the clothes belong to somebody you don't know, and deduce from them what sort of woman she is.

Go out and buy the latest novel.

Have a manicure, a facial, a pedicure or any other available beautifier that isn't habitual. Give it to yourself if no-one else will.

Even plucking your eye-brows make a difference.

And, most important of all, resolve never *never* NEVER again to slop around looking like an unmade bed.

Making The Most Of Our Rations

By "Muriel."

RATIONS! An undiluted blessing to the Army wife, and a red-ring to her civilian sister!

In the days of recipes for making the most of pre-war fruittails at pre-war prices are dishes for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, and every one of them guaranteed to make the unrationed even greedier with envy than before!

1) SALMON AND BACON PIE

Flake a tin of salmon, and mix it with a rich white sauce made from margarine, flour and milk. Place in a greased pie-dish and cover with rashers

of bacon. Bake in a moderate oven until the bacon is crisp and the pie heated through.

2) HERRING PIE

Drain the contents of a tin of fresh herrings (NOT the kind in tomato sauce), and place in a greased pie-dish with alternate layers of cooked potatoes cut in rings. Finish with a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and dab with margarine. Serve with mustard sauce, which is made the same as the white sauce, but substitute the liquor from the herrings (or water) for half the milk. Allow a teaspoon of dry mustard to every pint of liquid, adding at the same time as the flour. A green salad is served with this dish.

3) SALMON TARTLET

A useful way of using up remains of salmon pie or quiche.

Fill a pie of hot short pastry with flaked salmon mixed with white sauce, flavoured with a few drops of lemon juice or anchovy essence. Cover with a thin layer of mashed potatoes, brush with melted margarine, and brown.

Mutton Dressed As Lamb!

By "Housewife."

OR, new ways of dressing up old things! These recipes should give a fillip to the most jaded appetites!

Chili Con Carne

Required: 1½ lb. beefsteak; 6 large ripe tomatoes; 1 large chopped onion; (some people also like a bud of garlic); 1 dessertspoon salt; 1 teaspoon powdered chili; 3 cloves boiled white beans; 2 tablespoons butter.

Method: stew the beef gently with the tomatoes, seasoning and two of the onions (the beef should be cut into pieces about an inch square before cooking, and

(Continued on page 48)



This charming picture is of Mrs. Beckett, wife of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice R. B. Beckett, High Court Judge, Lahore. Mrs. Beckett, who was running the W.A.A.F. Comforts Fund (India) and was an Honorary life member of the "Ceri" Club at Lahore, is on her way to England.



Paul Freeman.

Mrs. Lall, who is considered to be one of the most beautiful Indian ladies in London, is the wife of Mr. Shamaldhuree Lall, Deputy High Commissioner for India. Mr. Lall has occupied his present post in London for five years and right through the war under three High Commissioners. He has officiated twice as High Commissioner. Mr. and Mrs. Lall, with their two sons, who were born in England, have now returned to India.

The Beauty Of Indian Fabrics

By "Hilda. C. Vakeel."

IT WAS at a party lately where the humour of a well-known English novelist then visiting in Bombay. The conversation turned on Indian arts and crafts, the splendour that was Ind a few hundred years ago. The artery of Indian art is the *khanda*, who is the lucky possessor of some beautiful specimens, brought them out, and it was delightful to watch the reverent adoration with which the guest of the evening handled each specimen in its loveliness of colour and fine form. The collection included some beautiful lengths of old Indian silks, *tanchis*, *khinkhas*, *patolas*, *Cutch* and *Kashmiri* embroideries, heavy *ghats* from Thana and Surat, gauze *Benares* textiles, *phulkari* embroidery from the capital of this province, antique work from Peshawar, and a length of the world-famous muslin of Dacca. Each of these was generations old, smelt of age and old campfire smoke, and brought to life a child's dream which has died in the world but not in the memory of youth.

With one or two exceptions, most of the women at the party were dressed in modern fabrics—silks and French prints and georgettes and our clothes seemed suddenly to look cheap and ugly and undistinguished by comparison.

It is difficult to understand why we who are heirs to all this beauty do not appreciate it and deliberately fling away our hereditary exchange for something less beautiful, just because it happens to be modern or European or worn by everybody else. By doing so we are not only interfering with the development of our own industrial but helping to deplete the source of beauty in the world, because which is more of the heritage of all mankind which it comes from the East or the West. The result of this indifference, of the total lack of individual responsibility, has been the deterioration of most of our arts and crafts of which the reason (the reason of the large number of races and culture that it holds) has had probably a larger variety than any other country in the world.

Kinkhab Borders

Kinkhab, to take only one example, which still constitutes an important handloom industry in Surat, Benares and Hyderabad, is not half as beautiful as those made about a century ago. The reason, among others, being that the demand has lessened and interest in its survival does not exist to any appreciable extent. Princess Niloufer, the younger daughter of the ruler of Mysore, the Hindu Prince of Hyderabad, has given the right lead in this direction and is invariably seen wearing wide and beautiful *kinkhab* borders on her saris. This material is eminently suitable for borders, for *pallois* on borderless saris, for *cholis*, *shals* and even *bagis* and it is a pity it is not more generally used.

(Continued on page 48)



After the christening, at Holy Trinity Church, of James Haviland, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. LeMesurier. From l. to r. are:—(FRONT ROW) Commander Howard Smith, U. S. Navy, proxy godfather, the Hon. Mrs. C. B. Birdwood, Miss Winifred Milner, godmother, Mrs. LeMesurier with James, Mrs. Wilson, and Mr. A. P. LeMesurier. The children are Sonia and Mark Birdwood. (BACK ROW) Mr. D. N. O'Sullivan, proxy godfather, Mr. Bushby, Miss Beryl Bushby, Sardar Bahadur H. S. Kahal, Miss Susan Bushby, Canon L. Mansfield Gorrie and Mr. James Wilson.



Here is Jocelyn Seweryn de Warrener, son of Capt. and Mrs. H. J. de W. Waller, photographed after his christening. In the group are:—Mrs. Banasienski, grandmother, Mrs. Seddon, Dr. Banasienski, grandfather, Father Heras, Mrs. Moore, wife of Consul-General for Belgium, proxy godmother, Capt. Waller, Capt. Waller with Jocelyn, Mr. Seddon, Mrs. Godzicka-Cwirko, great-grandmother, His Grace the Archbishop of Bombay, Mr. Kittay, proxy godfather, Madame Alsac and Monsieur Alsac.



Bourne & Shephard.
The christening took place recently at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, of Venetia Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Page. Mr. Page is Managing Director of the National Insulated Cable Company and Associated Companies.



At St. Augustine Church, Kohat, after the christening of Judith Ann, daughter of Capt. C. R. Higgins, R.E. and Mrs. Higgins. From l. to r. are:—Capt. "Pop" Baldwin, proxy godfather, Capt. Heath, Capt. Gardner, Capt. (Miss) Saunders, Mrs. Baldwin, proxy godmother, Mr. Higgins with Judith Ann, Higgins, Mrs. Heath, Lt. Kyle, Mrs. Rowden and Major Williams.



Hamilton Studios.



RIGHT:—After the christening at St. Joseph's Church, Rawalpindi, of Penelope Ann, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. DuCasse. From l. to r. are:—Capt. J. Reid, Mr. P. O. Hay, Sister Jennifer, Mr. and Mrs. Pinfold, Capt. R.A.C. Sister West, Mrs. Whittle, Mrs. Marilmer, Rev. Fr. Mayer, Mr. J. Heywood, Mrs. Pinfold, Mrs. DuCasse with Penelope Ann, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Morley, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Drake, Mr. DuCasse, Mrs. Forrester, Lt. Forrescue and Col. Bradley.



After her christening at Lucknow, Margaret Isabel Havelock Vanreenen is here seen with her parents, Major and Mrs. R. M. Vanreenen, and grandparents, Brigadier and Mrs. T. W. Vanreenen.



Valerie Patricia, with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Vederhill of Madras. Valerie was christened in the Fort Church recently. Mrs. Robleson, the baby's grandmother and Mr. H. H. Howard standing proxy for the godparents who are out in Australia.

FUGITIVE BABIES

Have you read that delightful poem by Hawthorne Campbell on page 139 of "The Onlooker" Book of Verse.

For full details see Page 50.



General Sir Oliver Leese, Bart., K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., the new Army Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, who succeeds General Montgomery. Photographed at Masion Blanche Aerodrome, Algiers, on his way to take over his new command.

The Voice of Delhi

By "Mrs. Hawkbee."

MARCH has ever been a gay month, the month of months for entertainments in Delhi, and this year has been no exception, but the gaieties have taken the form of dances and concerts for the Red Cross Fund and the Marches for the Delhi Red Cross Week. Misses, too, have made festive visits and seem surprised at the weather, for March has been both lion and lamb, the queenest gradations of temperature, as capricious as an English spring, but on the whole, delicious.

There have been many pleasant meetings, among them that of the opening of the new office of the H.Q. of the Women's Voluntary Service for India. It is a quaint little stronghold (a former A.R.P. station, now happily not wanted for this purpose) in Connaught Circus. Here



Lady Auchinleck, accompanied by Col. Johnson Cole, emerges from the water after an amphibian jeep ride, arranged by the War Services Exhibition at Pataiala. Also in the jeep is Nawabza of Rampur, H.E.'s A.D.C.

many women workers were gathered together to hear Her Excellency Viscountess Wavell, the wife of the Viceroy, and to listen to inspiring words from the Begum Shah Nawaz whose gentle ways and womanly charm enhance her splendid capabilities. She referred to the fine work that she had seen done in England, Canada and Australia, and was by words and expressed pleasure that the women in India were coming forward and putting their shoulder to the wheel. Mrs. Askwith (Wendy, her many friends) was there, attractive and handsome as always, in all her beauty, and Misses, too, like her and Mrs. Mirlees, like a Vipé picture in dazzling white and navy, tailored and spick and span—she is ever an inspiration to her sisters who may be inclined to witt and slack.

The most brilliant, very lovely exhibition of modern Hindu architecture and sculpture at the Imperial Hotel, opened in a happy speech by Sir Edward Bentham in the presence of a large number of the brightest spirits in the Imperial City. Mr. Raymond Bouverie, the artist and writer, and his wife, the photographer, who could well be used in referring to his glorious prints which make one not only see but also feel the subject and determine one to visit the original no matter how difficult the journey.

Mr. Benigni Roy's exhibition again brought out the "intelligentsia" and all the artists, professional and amateur, of whom there are many here at present. By the way, look out for the Services Art Exhibition at which much interesting and stirring work is to be seen. The Benigni Roy pictures sold quicker than the proverbial hot-cakes and the most popular seemed to be the bright, child-like figures reminiscent of Bengal village art, which were snapped up at once and there was almost a tussle for them.

There has been much mirth and a jolly one was that at the opening of the Curzon Road Barnetts when the American officers invited their friends to dance with them to an excellent band with a wonderful pianist. Then there were the Red Cross ladies at the Gresham Club and a Maiden's Hotel, the Hull Ball, the jolly affair of the Exwicks (such attractive conumes were those!) at the Piccadilly "aid of Greece." Then there was the last Stranger's Dance of the season and everyone was in a jolly mood, that is to say not another until October. We have all made such delightful friendships there with officers from all over the Empire and above all, with the handsome cheerful Americans.

And talking of Americans, how we all enjoyed the Tennis Exhibition matches between Sir Stanhope which were attended by Their Excellencies, the Viceroy and Viscountess Wavell. Mr. Gib Sandifer was a revelation in showmanship (good old Texas!) and some of us were taught lessons by the man, but the entertainment never fell a dull moment, a non-stop variety in fact. There was some marvellous tennis, such a treat to see this again after all those years. There was the defiance of Mr. W. C. Choy, excellent representative of his gallant country, the

left-handed, magnificent volleying of K. L. Raghunath (such a precious little snooty cap he wore) and indeed each of the players was a specialist and a delight to watch. Sandifer's auctioneering was most amusing and gathered us all into the fun of a kindly brotherhood making us feel happy and carefree; let's hope we meet him often in the near future.

A Peking Klim

There was the prize klim given with unaffected charm by such a pretty Miss Groot, who is Miss Macmillan, one of the most of the high-spots of the afternoon. The whole entertainment was in aid of the Chinese Medical Relief Fund and Mr. Shen, Chinese Commissioner, made a moving speech, and his most appealing young wife, who is as universally liked as was there, pened alight in the fascinating modern Chinese robe.

Concerts have all come in a clump but even so, the more we have the more we want. There was one in aid of the Czechoslovak Fund, and another arranged by the Misses and Misses, too, who conducted an augmented orchestra. Iris Kells in such a pretty, simple white picture frock sang still better than she has ever done before, as did also Benetice Macmillan in her red, wide-necked blouse and white skirt, while Iris sang "virtuous," Liesl Starý, generously gave two concerts for the troops in Viceroy's House at the invitation of Her Excellency. So many applications were there for seats, which were reserved for troops only, that many had to be turned away. The first to clinch, but the high-lights were the violet cap and gloves of pretty, young Mrs. Davies so recently arrived from the States, the pert little white hat of Mrs. Weightman (always so sprightly) and the hat of a blonde, so bewitching by the feathers of her exotic and unknown bird in coquett de rose worn by clever and attractive Mrs. Hems.

Already housewives are packing for the hills and talk of the difficulties they will have of finding accommodation seems that every hill station is full to overflowing and now Delhi, in spite of the miles of buildings which spring up with a mushroom-like growth, never seems to be able to keep pace with its swelling population.

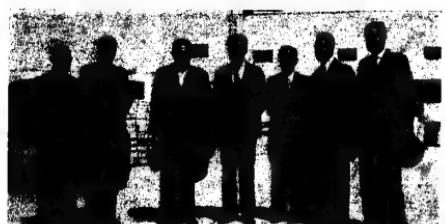


Air Chief Commandant Dame Katherine Trickey Forbes, Director of the Women's Army Corps (India) is now in India to explore the possibilities of employing women more extensively with the R.A.F. in India. At present a number of Women's Army Corps (India) are serving at R.A.F. Headquarters and base units.

The Delhi Music Club concert was devoted to Brahms and discovered a real star in the young Indian, Ludovic Bromley-Martin whose soaring soprano delighted everyone and whose musical future (interrupted by the war) is certain.

There have been at least two Missions, both of them charming, Chinese and Persian, but we saw more, of the latter which were presented a very pleasant party given by the Indian Consul-General and Mrs. Motamedy, a radiant hostess, who had a warm greeting for everyone. The guests all looked specially smart and amiable on that occasion and there were many who had a non-stop "jazz" to clinch, but the high-lights were the violet cap and gloves of pretty, young Mrs. Davies so recently arrived from the States, the pert little white hat of Mrs. Weightman (always so sprightly) and the hat of a blonde, so bewitching by the feathers of her exotic and unknown bird in coquett de rose worn by clever and attractive Mrs. Hems.

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The Persian Cultural Mission arrived in India recently. The Mission consists of H. E. Ali Asghar Hikmat (THIRD FROM LEFT), leader Professor Ibrahim Pourre Doud (THIRD FROM RIGHT) and Professor Abdolali Yousfi (FIFTH FROM RIGHT). In the centre is Mr. Matali, Consul-General for Persia.



Amongst recent arrivals in this country is Miss Pearle Aschman, the well-known South African journalist, author and broadcaste. Of Canadian birth, Miss Aschman is already known in India by reason of her lightning visit by air from the Middle East last summer and her impressions of her journey have been the subject of numerous broadcasts from South Africa. Miss Aschman has made a good contribution to the war effort already in Cairo and the Middle East in providing entertainment in the desert for Allied troops.

Madras Musings

By "Miss Mouse."

HAZEL Sell's wedding to Leslie Hooper at St. George's Cathedral was one of the events of the season—the church was beautifully decorated, white lillies on the altar and huge banks of mixed flowers lined the chancel. Hazel's dress was of pure white crepe with a short train cut in one with the skirt—her veil of white tulle was held in place by a bow of white ribbon and the carriage was decked out in white lillies. Her maid of honour, Jill Kemshall, and tall Carol Carter, wore frocks of deep pink moire with posies of carnations to match and two pink flowers to hold their short veils. The best man was an old friend of the bridegroom, Duncan Macpherson.

Mrs. Pitts, Hazel's twin sister, who married last year, was in light tan with a tiny beige hat. Mrs. Sell chose navy blue appliqued with white flowers. Among the congregation were Mrs. P. M. Dyson with her two small daughters, Daphne Mockett, Mr. and Mrs. Higginson and Mrs. Maynard.

The Rotary Club organised a dinner dance and cabaret at the Connemara in aid of the Red Cross. His Excellency, the Governor, and Lady Hope were present in a large party. The cabaret was produced by Ray Canada from Bangalore and was much appreciated; Colonel Gill auctioned some bottles of



During the visit to Madras of Their Excellencies, the Viceroy and Lady Wavell, a reception was held in their honour by His Excellency, the Governor of Madras and the Hon. Lady Hope, at Government House, Madras, when these photos were taken. Below H. E. the Governor is presenting the officers to H. E. the Viceroy and above Viscountess Wavell is shaking hands with the Yuvarani of Pithapuram.

Scotch very successfully, also a silver model of an aeroplane. Mrs. Power, who has just come from Waltair, was with Captain and Mrs. Monk-Mason; and Mrs. Rita Mall was in a party with Mrs. Cartell and a host of others.

The third race meeting in aid of the Governor's War Fund was well attended; but the going was heavy and the favourites shy in coming forward. Mrs. Allerton was there with Mrs. Dogra, and among the lady owners were Mrs. Nugent Grant, Mrs. C. N. Reid and Mrs. Keho, whose horse, Master McKinley, did its owner full justice.

Lover's Leap

Five members of the Madras Dramatic Society gave a very creditable performance of "Lover's Leap" in aid of the Greek Relief Fund. The play, which ran for a long time in London, with William Johnstone, Mrs. John Cuckoo, as Helen, started a highly-strung woman in her middle thirties whose husband has left her to devote his time to Egyptology, brought the play to a magnificent climax by her behaviour during a thunderstorm. The husband had left his wife rather suddenly, and the audience waited for the moment when he reappeared on the stage. Phyllis Mary Dyson was the perfect hard-boiled, highfly girl of twenty; Helen's younger sister, Sarah, who always fails to decide her way of living. Evered Allandale Codner, who played the part of a nervous young man, in a different position, brought

His Excellency, Sir Arthur Hope, decorating Mr. O. L. Burrell at a Police Parade held in Madras. Sir Lionel Gasson, Inspector General of Police, is standing next to the Governor.



During a recent visit to Madras, the Viceroy inspected a parade of the city's civil defence forces. His Excellency is accompanied by Mr. A. D. Scolliek, A.R.P. Controller. Sir Arthur Hope, Governor of Madras, is standing on the left.



Bangalore Lore

By "Jane."

THE Red Cross drive continues and contributions keep coming in from different sources. "Young Old Victry Shoppe" (run under the Chairmanship of Mrs. Cowdry) has many willing helpers, has done a great deal further, and, from their entire receipts for January, the Flag Day Fund was organized by Lady Beresford Peirse, raised a large collection, and Mrs. Gourlie's "American Lucky Grab," by her efficient sale of tickets for one dozen bottles of "Scotch," brought in over Rs. 7,000! Mrs. Gourlie was assisted in her splendid effort by members of the American Club.

congratulated on such excellent result of hard work.

Their Excellencies, the Viceroy and Lady Wavell, spent a very busy day at Parc de la Ciutadella. The party included Madras and Coimbatore in their itinerary, while Lady Wavell devoted most of her time to Madras itself and its famous canals and hospitals. She everywhere showed an interest and enthusiasm. One of the many places to meet with her approval was the newly opened W. V. S. Central Library. Sir M. P. M. Portu and Mrs. W. V. S. Central Library, who only recently returned to Madrid after a long absence. In honour of the distinguished visitors, Sir Arthur and Lady Hope gave a reception at Government House. The guests numbered 1,000, 1,000 guests were presented to Their Excellencies, including the Chief Justice and Lady Leach, Judges of the High Court, Advisors to the Governor and principal members of the Government. Lady Wavell was in mause and white with a large black hat which suited her dignified charm. Lady Hope wore beige lace with brown accessories.

Anthony Paul was down on leave to see how his young daughter Sarah was getting on—and gave a very pleasant party to celebrate Jean's 21st birthday.

Another Red Cross event was the Carnival and Fete at the Lal Bagh band-stand, organised by members of the Mysore State Women's Auxiliary Committee. Mrs. N. Madhava Rao, wife of the Dewan of Mysore, is President of this Committee, and the Fete was opened by the Dewan himself, who in his speech praised the excellent work of the Red Cross and the Women's Auxiliary. Mrs. S. Venkateswara Rao, President of the Women's Auxiliary, thanked him on their behalf. Among the many who assisted at the Fete were the Yuvarani of Kasal, Miss Malick Shah, Mrs. David, Miss Isaac, Miss Bhandy, Miss Srinivasan, Miss Anantrasam, Mrs. Kapur and Dr. Albuquerque.

Mrs. Thumboo Chetty, wife of the Private Secretary to H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore, has been interesting herself in a scheme for providing amenities in the form of a club-house and rest centre for members of the Indian Air Force at present some miles out of Bangalore. A Committee has been formed, with the Dewan of Mysore as the President, Mrs. Thumboo Chetty as Vice-President, and other members include Mr. and Mrs. Devrao Shivram, Mr. Imam, Mrs. Raju, Mrs. Anderson, Group Captain Howard, and Flying Officer Nedungudi.

At Home

Mr. and Mrs. Thumboh Chetty gave a delightful At Home to their lively residence, "Balbawrie", to over 100 guests. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Thumboh Chetty (their daughter and son-in-law), and Drs. (Miss) Albuquerque helped them receive their guests. After tea there were games, prizes, and the Queen of the Scented Garden competition were present including Air Commodore Mackworth, Group Captain Howden, Squadron Leaders Rule, Chatterley and Doyle, The Dewan of Mysore and Mrs. Madhava Rao, Mrs. Christiana Chetty and Mr. Dennis Christian, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Shivram, Mr. and Begum Shah and their attractive daughter, Malick, Mrs. Bewes, Sir Alibon Banerji, Mr. and Mrs. Srinivasan, Dr. and Mrs. Mordern, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. D. and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. the Apostolic Delegate, Mrs. and Miss Fay Anderson, Miss Premilla Ray graceful in a flowered sari with vivid touches of green, Mrs. Kothawala and her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Vikram Sahni, Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Anantakar, the Chief Justice, and many others were present.

Fay Anderson has recently announced her engagement to George Bayley of the Canadian Air Force, and hopes to be married in a few months. Joan Tayleur (now Mrs. Ian Christie) has left Bangalore for her new home in Abbotsford, and her other sister Pam left two weeks later for a place somewhere near Assam, where she is going to drive a mobile canteen. The Tayleurs had a small party for Pam the night before she

(Continued on page 35)



Officers of the Lancashire Fusiliers at an *At Home* "somewhere in India." From L. to R. are:—Major J. Hall-Barlow, Capt. Rai Sahib Dulip Menon Singh, Mrs. Barlow, Major A. P. Town, Mrs. Town and Major Simpson.

In Lucknow Now

By M. F. W.

THERE have been several changes in Civil Lines during the past month. Mr. W. H. Christie has been appointed Chief Secretary, and Mr. Christopher Cooke takes over from him as Finance Secretary to the U. P. Government.

Mr. Lewis-Lloyd, the Deputy-Commissioner, leaves us for Saharanpur. He and his charming wife will be very much missed in Lucknow. In addition to his official duties, Mr. Lewis-Lloyd did a great deal for the welfare of public life. He was among other things, President of the Lucknow Branch of the Red Cross. Mrs. Lewis-Lloyd, too, has worked very hard here, and it is thanks to her tireless and efficient service to the State that the Army Nursing Association that an excellent system of supplying extra nurses to the military hospitals has been built up.

Deputy-Commissioner in Mr. Lewis-Lloyd's place, is Mr. David Valley; but he is not a native of houses; for him and his family, as he has been in Lucknow for some time.

Police circles have also had changes. Mr. Carless left last month, and his place



Mrs. Audrey North and her three big sons who will be leaving India shortly. They will be missed by their many friends in India and especially by their aunt, Miss Duran Warburton, with whom they have been living for the last three years.

as D.G. of the Range was taken for a short time by Mr. George Pearce, who was followed by Mr. Luck. The Luckies have settled down in the U.S. Club, as houses are so difficult to find now. Mr. Luck, however, has been very busy, set to work with paint and furnishing materials to make their quarters as thoroughly individual and attractive as their houses always are.

March saw a general exodus of children, back to their schools in the Hills. The Governor of Bengal's two children came through Lucknow, on their way to the Hallett War School in Naini Tal. As seems only natural, this delightful school is well stocked from Lucknow! Among those who go are: (his son) Pringle, (just left and "come out"); the two Hutchinson Children; David Brotherton, whose father and mother are both in the Army, Mrs. Brotherton being an officer in the W.A.C.(I); Peggy Moss, whose sister, Anna, has just till the left and joined the W.A.C.(I); and (new this term) David Jago.

For W. V. S. Canteen

Entertainments in aid of War Purposes, or Charities, have been, as usual, well to the fore during the past month. The big dance at the Chattri in aid of the W.V.S. Canteen was a tremendous success. It was certainly a Dance of Dances, with a gayly decorated stage as *Kangy Night*—and a nice cheerful, crazy sort of night, it turned out to be. Attractions included a miniature canteen, serving Hot Dogs and Waffles and all manner of exciting things to eat; roulette and the always popular "tug of war"; and "taxi girls" for the inevitable crowd of extra men to dance with. The cabaret items were all excellent, of their kind. Mrs. Edie and Colonel Windle's turn "A Bicycle Made for Two," was beautifully hilarious, and



Mrs. Audrey North and her three big sons who will be leaving India shortly. They will be missed by their many friends in India and especially by their aunt, Miss Duran Warburton, with whom they have been living for the last three years.

Bangalore Lore

(Continued from page 34)

left, when Col. and Mrs. Brown showed the colour films they had taken of Joan's wedding.

Italian Dance Band

The newly-formed Italian dance band has been engaged to play at the B.U.S. Club, and dances have been quite full lately.

Pam Tayleur was seen at one wedding, a certain Miss Smith, wearing a hood of the same draped over her dark head, and Mrs. Elson was another wearer of this style the same night. Mrs. Crawford and Peggy Bindon (in different parties) had both chosen black satin skirts with blue blouses. Major (now Colonel) Sherriff, back from a tour of duty a year's absence, was in a large party and Mrs. Corbett, wearing an unusual dress of pink satin that flared into a brown ruff skirt, knee downards, was seen dancing with Alasdair Fraser of the R.A.F. Col. Lodge and Major Kell's

very cleverly done. There was also a chorus of Canteen Girls; and Major Leveson-Gower sang "There'll Always Be an England" in a most pleasing voice, with a chorus of soldiers and W.A.C.(I).

The Committee of the U.S. Club, has decided (most admirably) to give the proceeds of the Wednesday fortnightly cocktail dances to war purposes of charities. Among those who are to benefit this month, are the Ex-Services Association, and the Lucknow branch of the S.P.C.A.

Another charity occasion was the Bring-and-Buy sale given in the grounds of Sir Tennant and Lady Sloan's lovely house. This has not become an annual event, as it was a very success, and eight hundred rupees was made this year, which, of course, went to that deserving cause, the U.P. Benevolent Society. Lady Hallett was present at the Sale.

Carols Cerf?

The Red Cross benefited from the Piano Recital given at the Chattri by "Carols Cerf."¹³ This was a really delightful occasion, the more so as there is so little in the way of concerts these days. Mr. and Mrs. Hallett were present; and also among the audience I noticed Sir Tennant and Lady Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, and Mr. Beecroft and his wife.

Another evening performed by His Excellency, Sir Maurice Hallett, during March, was the laying of the Foundation Stone of the new Maternity and Child Welfare Home being built at the Chattri. Lucknow, being the large, sumptuous town to the Trust, Lucknow is not lacking in citizenship, or serious thought for its future generations. Lady Hallett, who has always taken a very sympathetic and active interest in Child Welfare, was present, as were many officials and Lucknow's leading citizens.



party included four sisters in lovely dark dresses, Mrs. Hallett, Mrs. Col. Billingsford Jones and Col. and Mrs. Bennett, the latter wearing black with silver spurs, Major Williams, Col. and Mrs. Halliday, Mrs. Aitkin (whose dark blouse is often seen in the "gold" section dancing with Air Commander Macmillan, Col. Lucas with Col. and Mrs. Cooke and Molly Thomas, and Mrs. Carter in blue crepe.

The R.A.F. band played for the War Fund dance on the 15th of March of the month, on that crowded night, lovely Cynthia Turner's red net frock with its billowing skirt stood out as one of the prettiest in the room, and she wore red flowers in her dark hair. Fay Anderson looked her best in a swirling gown of pink and white, Mrs. Hallett in black lace was a tall and graceful figure. Sidney Craddock wore green with red sequin accessories.

The Play Readers' Society opened their season with a reading of "George and the Dragon" by Gould Society. Pam Tayleur made her last appearance at this, and after the play, Owen Clarke wished her God speed on behalf of the Society.



Dr. and Mrs. V. S. Ram, with their young daughter. Dr. Ram, who was the head of the Department of Political Science, Lucknow University, has been appointed as the Secretary of the newly-created Department of Indian Affairs, Government of India, New Delhi. Dr. Ram has now gone to take up charge of his new appointment and his little daughter seems to be very pleased about it. Dr. Ram represented India in the last Conference of Nations Conference.



Major Kr. Sumer Singh, who, after a brilliant career in the Indian Police Training College, U.P., joined the famous "Sawai Man Guards", Jaipur, the only household Foot Guard Regiment of its kind in India and which is doing splendid work in several theatres of war.



Lady Colville, wife of the Governor of Bombay, takes a keen interest in all hospitality activities. She is seen here on the left paying a visit to the Hospitality Committee and discussing hospitality affairs with Mrs. L. A. Hattall, Joint Hon. Secretary of the Committee. Mrs. Hunter is the other Joint Hon. Secretary. At the other table is Mrs. J. B. Greaves, who is in charge of the section of the hospitality office which arranges for men to spend their leave up-country. Lady Colville took the opportunity of inspecting the Committee's Mobile Canteens and met quite a number of the workers. Mrs. Barker, who is in charge of these canteens, is presenting the workers to Lady Colville. They include Mrs. Shuttleworth, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Tutton, Mrs. Picot, Mrs. Moody, Miss McNeil, Mrs. Bracewell, and Mrs. Kiddle. The Committee now have three mobile canteens at least two of which go out every day leaving the office about 10 o'clock and returning in the evening after having visited the outlying camps and also some of the hospitals.

Gateway Gossip

By "Buddy"."

MRS. CECIL BEATON, artist and photographer beloved of English society, paid a visit to Bombay last week. She was the guest of Sir Iven Mackay, who met her in "The Onlooker" Office. "The Onlooker" has, in one time or another, used quite a number of his photographs, and the Editor tells us that this month a delightful photograph of the King of Persia and his family by Mrs. Beaton is being published as a frontispiece.

Mr. Beaton prides himself on his marvellous backgrounds and to him (though not always to the Editor!) they are of as much importance as the subject, as may be seen from a lovely photograph of Mrs. Patterson (see page 18) taken among the stately pillars of Government House in Calcutta. He is giving up most of his time now to the Ministry of Information and is in India on the behalf of Bomber, but was the guest of His Excellency the Governor of Bombay, and Lady Colville.

Another guest at Government House who hopes to spend some time in this country was Major-General Sir Iven Mackay who, with Lady Mackay, just arrived from Australia to take up his appointment as High Commissioner to India—a new departure on the part of the Australian Government. Sir Iven came almost direct from the battlefields of New Guinea where he commanded the Australians. Both he and Lady Mackay made many friends in Bombay during their short stay before going on to Delhi.

Travel Ambassador

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Gillan came down from Simla to see the newsmen and assess the way for them. Mr. Gillan knowing India now as well as he knows his own country. He has been here for some years, first as Australia's Travel Ambassador and then as its Trade Commissioner, in order to give Australian people an opportunity of connecting Sir Iven. Mr. Gillan gave two luncheon parties at the Tai, the first of which was attended by the Governor of Bombay and his Advisors, the Senior Service Officers and Admirals, Major-General Alban and Commodore Rawley and Bombay's leading industrialists, more of whom were invited on the second day.

Simultaneously, many Bombay ladies had an opportunity of meeting Lady Mackay at friendly luncheon parties given by Mrs. Barker, of the Yacht Club.

The Australian Association entertained

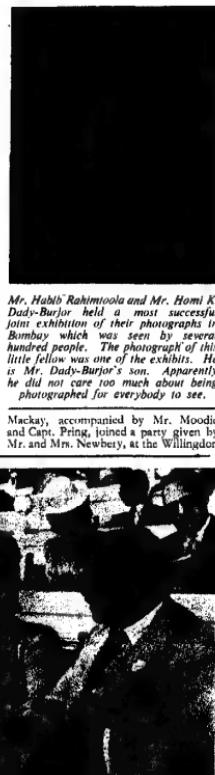
at the Tai when Mr. and Mrs. Newbery and their Committee were there. Mrs. Lady Mackay wore a marina-blue dinner dress and Mrs. Gillan was also in blue in a becoming hyacinth shade, softly gathered. Mrs. Newbery, wife of the President, looked attractive in a filmy pink and white floral tint and Lady Claydon was in a pale blue. The Gillans have recently had Sir Hugh's brother—"Tubby" of Tush H fame—staying with them en route for other parts. Sir Hugh was complaining that he is getting writer's cramp as a result of his efforts to re-arrange his brother's enormous mail.

During the evening Miss Shanid Seldon charmed the guests with her delightful playing, her choice of music being particularly pleasing.

The Mackays will be joined, before this is published, by their daughter, Mrs. Jean Mackay, who is a Miss Mackay, an Australian, a prisoner of war in Germany. She has been at G.H.Q. in Cairo but comes to join her father in a secretarial capacity.

Lady Mackay proved to be a tireless shopper, endeavouring to make up shortfalls in their needs which they were unable to get in Australia where clothing is very strictly rationed.

The Australian party was seen about a good deal and enjoyed an afternoon at the races, having previously been entertained to lunch by Sir Sultan and Lady Claydon. After the races Sir Iven and Lady



Mr. Hubli Rahimtoola and Mr. Homi K. Dadu-Burjor held a most successful joint exhibition of their photographs in Bombay which was seen by several hundred people. The photograph of this little fellow was one of the exhibits. He is Mr. Dadu-Burjor's son. Apparently he did not care too much about being photographed for everybody to see.

Mackay, accompanied by Mr. Moodie and Capt. Pring, joined a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Newbery, at the Willingdon

Club cocktail dance, among the other guests being Sir Sultan and Lady Claydon, the American Consul and Mrs. Donovan, the Gillans, Bhivindwandas, Markers, Habb Rahimtoola, Raschid Baigs, Mrs. Gudar and Begum Abdul Kadir, down from Junagadh, where her husband is Dewan, looking serene and happy as ever. After dinner at the Club the party went to a nearby cinema to see a private showing of Walt Disney's film "Victory Through Air Power" based on Major Sevenky's book.

Another arrival in Bombay was welcomed with open arms by friends of old, friends, was Mrs. Marvin Turner, wife of Mr. John Turner of Reuter's, looking extremely well after a sojourn in South America, the United States and England. Young John is still at home at school but Peter came back again with his mother.

Whit Birthday ?

Eddy Wadia celebrated his birthday (no one knew which!) the other evening when he and his popular wife, Eva, entertained friends, among whom were seen Dr. and Mrs. Mehru Masina, Dr. and Mrs. Tatia (all in an attractive light blue) and silver-hairedoldster, Mr. T. S. Adams, Marjorie attractive in white lace, Miss Cara in red and gold, Mrs. Jones from Burma in black with sequins; a delightful newcomer to Bombay—Miss MacLean of the American Red Cross, in white with gold embroidery, Mrs. Billie, Miss Pillio Abiss and many others. Eva herself was a smoky-blue sari sparkling with sequins.

Mention of parties calls to mind a very successful one given by the Burnes on the occasion of the return to the fold for a few weeks of their daughter Pat, now, of course, Mrs. Bill Carter.

Most interesting guest on that night was General Verschueren-Campbell who had just returned from the Far East, his son, commanding a Royal Navy submarine in the Pacific, had been awarded the D.S.O. for the sinking of a Japanese aircraft carrier. Mrs. Campbell, well known in aristic circles in Delhi, was unfortunately unable to come to Bombay with her son. A son of a friend who left India little more than a year ago to train in Africa has just received his commission in the R.A.F.

During the month news came of the arrival of a daughter, Marilyn Gaynor, to the Burnes and their son, Lindie Robertson. Mrs. Burnes' mother, Mrs. Mosley, was down meantime in South India with them.

Her many friends in Bombay and Madras will also be pleased to hear that Dr. and Mrs. G. C. G. G. (of Gepa and Mrs. Noshell, Bombay) has also got a daughter. Mrs. Smith went home with her husband to England some time ago.

(Continued on page 37)



Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith in their box at a recent race-meeting at Mahalaxmi, Bombay. Mrs. (Glen) Smith's Navy Sheepskin Jackets League is well known and her small son has gained success in the Merrivale and Cossitt Cup Pairs in Bombay taking over half a lakh of rupees. With her is Mrs. Smith is Mrs. Harris one of the Sheepskin League's most enthusiastic helpers.



Members of the Board of Management, Committees and Secretaries of the Bombay Y.W.C.A., at a luncheon given by the President, Mrs. H. E. Jones, at the Willingdon Club in honour of Miss Tsui Kwei, National General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. of China. From l. to r. are:—(FRONT ROW) Mrs. Ditchburn, Mrs. C. F. Lynn, Mrs. R. C. Lowndes, Mrs. E. B. Alderson, Mrs. K. Wilson, Miss E. K. Wilson, Mrs. M. R. Law, Miss O. Kast, Mrs. L. M. Bourne, and Mrs. S. S. W. Brittain. (SECOND ROW) Miss Groom, Mrs. E. M. B. Ghosh, Miss E. Moreland, Mrs. A. Sircar, Mrs. T. Azam, Mrs. M. S. R. Kast, Mrs. P. Popcock, Mrs. M. M. Harrison, Mrs. C. C. Chelwick, Mrs. Burt-Lawson, Mrs. H. V. Pointon, Mrs. J. W. Prentice, Mrs. E. M. Moffatt, Miss F. Parmenter, and Mrs. I. Salway. (BACK ROW) Mrs. Ou Kok Boo, Mrs. J. Graves, Mrs. K. Wilson, Miss M. Hyem, Miss M. Drescher, Miss S. Aaron, Miss T. Passanah, Mrs. P. R. Harper, Mrs. F. M. W. Harrison and Mrs. A. E. Everard.

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Sharda, the lovely wife of Mr. Ramesh Balteskar of the Bank of India Ltd., Bombay.

Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 36)

R. B. Y. C. Regatta

Although the ranks of Bombay's yachtsmen are somewhat thinned and a number of them are not in the water, a very creditable attempt was made to emulate the Regatta of peace days. Entries, as was to be expected, were not numerous during the week and the Seabirds Ladies' Race had to be cancelled. In the Handicap Race, however, was won by Mrs. Thornton at the helm of *Varuna*. First over the line was *Meropa* steered by Mrs. Ahlstrand whose husband crewed for her. *Meropa* was closely followed by *Capella* steered by Mrs. Joan Noel Park who made a re-appearance on the horizon after a long absence. The Governor's Cup (Handicap Class) was won in good style by *Sapita*, owned and steered by Clarence Steerwood from *Capella* which, steered by T. O. Kyneleysley, secured no fewer than four wins in succession during the Regatta, tribute to that keen yachtsman's ability and knowledge of the vagaries of the harbour. The much-coveted Gordon Bennett Cup sailed on the last day of the Regatta was won by *Varuna*.

(Alastair MacRae), the MacFarlane Cup in the same event for first over the line going to *Capella*.

Sir John and Lady Colville were on board the Committee vessel on the Friday when Lady Colville gave away the prizes. She wore white for the occasion and Miss Colville was in a pale blue suit with sprigs of the same colour. The Commodore, Allan Peery, was in excellent form when he made his last speech in that capacity as he makes way for Col. Ralph Emerson who, as Vice-Commodore, was due for "promotion" just when he was called to active service, of which he says, "I live for the North Africa and Sicily before I go to neutralise India to assume the General Management of the G.I.P. Railway. Among the most popular recipients of a number of prizes was Mrs. "Pens" Glaisher who steered her lovely cruising and racing yacht *Melancholy* first in the two occasions earlier in the season, stealing the limelight and the gun from the oldest and most experienced of male "skippers."

First Flower Show

One of Bombay's most energetic women, Mrs. Lilavati Munshi is to be congratulated on her success in organising Bombay's first Flower and Vegetable Show. She did a great service to the City and it is hoped that she will repeat the effort next year when, with ample warning, the City's flower lovers and enthusiastic vegetable

growers, will have had time to do themselves and the City justice.

Indian and British women alike were inspired by the message brought to their wedding in India recently when by Mr. Grenfell, Vice-President of the World Y.W.C.A., who passed through Bombay on her way to Australia. The Y.W.C.A. were fortunate in that she was present when the Bombay Branch held its annual meeting and the President, Mrs. H. E. Jones, was able to speak to her at the same time. Miss Tsui Kwei, National General Secretary of China and the new National General Secretary of the Indian Y.W.C.A., Miss Sosa Matang, was also present.

From a financial point of view Mrs. A. F. S. Talyarkhan and her helpers excelled themselves when, as a result of the Merritt Town Fete, they were able to hand over to the Red Cross Fund no less than three lakhs of rupees. Sir Hiral Mehta, the president of the Fete, is also to be congratulated on the work done by all the helpers who worked steadily for eight days. The Fete was opened by Lady Colville, dressed in soft grey with touches of pink on the shoulders to match her flower bouquet, accompanied by Miss Groom, most appropriately wearing her St. John Ambulance uniform which suits her so well. Mrs. Talyarkhan wore a wine-coloured sari with a satin border of a deeper tone.

Several hundred people accepted the invitation of Mr. Amritdin Shalehby



Lady Colville, on her recent visit to Deolali South, laid the foundation stone of the Darna River Club, now under construction, as an amenity for officers and their families, and Nursing Sisters of the Station. Lady Colville is seen here with Lt.-Col. Munni, Chairman of the Club.



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Shriman Maharakumar Khanderao of Baroda, having obtained his commission, is now in the Indian Cavalry. The Shrimarkumar, who is a tall and robust youth, is a grandson of the late Maharajah of Baroda and a cousin of the present Maharajah. His studies at Cambridge were interrupted by the outbreak of war, when he returned to India.

Typhoid: to a reception at the Turf Club one Sunday afternoon to celebrate the marriage of his daughter Shirin with Zafarali Tayyabji Rajabali and an enjoyable evening was provided by the guitars amid the pleasant surroundings of the Turf Club which made an ideal background for the many beautiful girls won by the Indian ladies.

Lim's Jumble Shop—donated the proceeds from her sales for February to St. Dunstan's Rs. 1,000, Matunga "Widows" Appeal Fund Rs. 1,000, B.W.V.C. for The B.N.H. Library Rs. 100, Women's Service Club Rs. 100, Scotch Kirk Rest Room Rs. 100, and the League of Mercy Rs. 500. Total Rs. 4,000.



Captain "Bishop" Balfour, who is a well-known figure in Ooty circles, recently stayed at The Club whilst on leave, when he succeeded in fitting into a crowded programme, a very welcome "diversion."



Presentation of the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal to Mrs. Mackenzie at the Provincial Durbar held at Sibi by Lt-Col. William Rupert Hay, C.S.I., C.I.E., Agent to the Governor-General, Resident and Chief Commissioner in Baluchistan. Mrs. Phyllis Mackenzie, the wife of Brigadier Mackenzie, Area Commander, Quetta, received her Kaiser-i-Hind Medal for the splendid work she did in connection with the inauguration and organisation of the British Forces Club, which is so popular amongst British Troops in Quetta. She arranged the dates, the premises and the programme, and supervised the delivery of the necessary equipment and supplies. She arranged the duties to be carried out by each Clubman, and drew up a scheme for the working of the Club by which members were responsible for the cooking, heating, cleaning and preparation of the rooms, as well as the actual serving of the food, sale of cigarettes and other things to the men. There are now 80 W.I.S. members employed in the Club each week and Mrs. Mackenzie is still responsible for preparing the roster and organising their duties. In addition she is now organising Secretary of the Women's Voluntary Service in the Province and deals with the questions of rations, allowance and passes, as they affect war-separated wives, and with the many other activities of the Baluchistan branch of the Women's Voluntary Services.

Poona Prattle

By "The Prawn."

THE delightful Poona cold weather is over, and the arrival of warmer days has seen the beginning of the move to the hills of the hills, with no time to get away for a short spell.

The series of the proposed visit of Sir Claude Auchinleck, the Commander in Chief, to Poona was well kept. He and General Bertram Pownall and Major-General Head at Command House. The Forces Clubs were particularly delighted in being selected for a visit by India's popular military Chief.

Colonel Dau put on an extremely good show, showing off his patients in his hospital. The case all had, was of a really high standard, and included Bunny Paine, Arthur Paris, and some very looking Nursing Sisters who certainly knew their stuff in the stats.

At 1 P.M. a visit to Yerwada followed, and an early visit to the afternoon prime from the Middle East. Mrs. Vandyck, attractive Miss, Joan Scott, celebrated her 22nd birthday in Poona, but was unfortunate in being unable to go on to Bangalore with the others.

Other distinguished visitors to Poona included Mr. Gurnell, Vice President of the N.W.G.A. from London. She



Scene from the Pantomime Cinderella, which was performed at the Club, D.I.-Khan, recently in aid of the Red Cross Funds. The play was produced and directed by Capt. (Stocks) Black and the costumes were made by Mrs. (Muriel) Grove White. In the picture from left to right are—Miss Eve Astley, Miss Diane Olds, Missy Lee and Master Tom Ross. The other girls who took part in the performance were—Miss Jessie Lee, Mrs. Ralphyll, Lt-Col. D. H. Hay, Mrs. (Muriel) Thompson, Miss Eve Roslyn, Robin Bradshaw, Michael Bownell, Knut Olds, Brenda Olds, Daphne Smith, Miss Amy Page, Frances Dugel and George Dugel.

gave a very interesting lecture to a packed audience of women war workers and had some enlightening things to say of women's work in England under war

conditions.

Colonel Braithwaite, famous for his Rural Uplift Work in the Punjab, also gave a very good lecture. He has been the

guest of Colonel and Mrs. Dick, who will be greatly missed when they leave Poona shortly. Mrs. Dick has put her heart and soul into her work as W. V. S. commanding officer of the Connaughton Depot, where she has organised comforts and amusements with tremendous success. Her mantle is likely to fall on Mrs. Carnow when the Dicks leave.

Mrs. Nunn, wife of Brigadier Nunn, has organised a series of lectures on Arts and Crafts to train more helpers to teach Diversions. There are 10 troops in Poona. Mrs. Hinde, Mrs. Gurnell, Mrs. and Mrs. Wylie are the talented ladies who are giving instruction in leather work, toy-making, papier mache and many other fascinating types of work which should prove of great interest and value to the girls.

The Blood Bank, having been active of late, and Mrs. Poff and Marjorie Stewart were seen very spick and span in their uniforms, collecting as many volunteers as possible for this vital and important cause. It is such a pity to have in the war so many young men who don't come forward to donate their blood and so do their bit.

From Lucknow comes the news of the engagement of "Terrie" Smith (Lilian Mary Threipland) daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. A. Smith, who have for many years been Poona to Capt. William Isley Gallegh, M.C., Gorhla Rifles, of Glasgow. "Terrie" is now a sergeant in the W.A.S.P.



Photograph taken on the occasion of the first anniversary of the opening of the Noyes Canteen, Rawalpindi. From L. to R. are (seated) —Lt-General H. Evans, C.B., M.C., Mrs. Bowen, Canteen Representative, Sardar Habibur Bakshi, Dalip Singh, Dau, Mrs. Evans, President, W.I.S. (standing) —Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Strang, Mrs. Cable, Mrs. Shannin, Mrs. Woodhouse, Mrs. Painter, Mrs. Moss and Mrs. Baucher, Canteen Workers. Many others were, unfortunately, unable to be present when the photograph was taken.



Miss Heather Kerlin and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Audrey Keeling, pose prettily for their picture at the Doudla Club Swimming Pool.



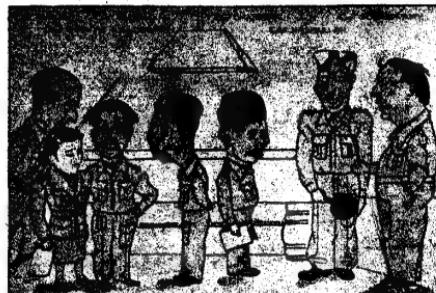
Calcutta Causerie

By "K.M."

THE Bengal Women's War Committee which has taken the place of the former Calcutta Women's War Committee has now got well under way. Mrs. Casey, who already has a first-hand knowledge of women's voluntary services in the Middle East, has become President and in this connection has been very busy visiting districts of Calcutta which she has had to visit with the committee—hospitals too, have been prominent amongst her visits to canneries and Red Cross.

The committee has been formed to co-ordinate the work of voluntary women's units in Calcutta and Barrackpore, and to send them voluntary workers when required; and also from the other aspect, to put voluntary workers in touch with work which they might find congenial. Recruitment has been proceeded at the rate of about 6 to 10 a day during the two months it has been running.

Mrs. J. E. Mois is the chairman with Mrs. L. A. Clark, Vice-Chairman. Mrs. Mois is expecting to sail for South Africa in the near future. Mrs. Clark will take over. The committee is composed of a representative of all Calcutta voluntary units—Mrs. Clark, A.R.P.; Mrs. M. H. Cox, Bengal Canseem Service; Mrs. G. A. Edgley, W.V.M.S.; Mrs. C. H. Haynes, Mrs. M. M. Clark, St. John Ambulance Brigade; Lady Birken Mookerjee, Entertainment and Welfare Section for Indian Troops; Mrs. F. Stanley, Liaison, Indian W.W. Central Committee, New Delhi; Mrs. R. G. Stephen, Hospital Supplies Section, Red Cross; Mrs. G. S. T. T. The Services Entertainment Committee; Mrs. D. M. Taylor, Red Cross Blood Bank; Miss B. Tidman, Y.W.C.A. Services Branch;



Officers in an Indian Army Medical Corps Mess.

Mrs. H. G. Wright, Diversional Therapy, Mrs. W. Stephen, Welfare for Service Women's Committee; with Mrs. H. Luces as District Secretary and Mr. Roland Oakley and Mrs. O. Jahans, honorary and assistant honorary treasurers respectively of the A.M.C. (Mysore) district; also Miss Lois Carrell representing the American Red Cross.

At present the body is affiliated to the Women's Voluntary Services India, but it is understood that it will be a separate branch of that body and this may be arranged during Lady Wavell's imminent visit to Calcutta. As the first meeting at which Mrs. Casey took the chair she entertained the members of the committee to tea at Government House and gave a most interesting speech on conditions in the Middle East.

Two Canteens

Mobile Canteens are playing an important part in Calcutta and its outlying

districts. The idea originated from some women working in the censor office in 1942 when Mrs. M. H. Cox, now Commandant of the Bengal Canteen Service, with the very able assistance of Mrs. L. A. Clark, the late Mrs. A. E. Birkett, started the organization with only one van. Now there are five vans and about 50 voluntary workers whose H.Q. is at spacious Burdwan Palace. These women all work very hard, sometimes driving as much as 200 miles a day, a van to which auxiliary drivers or campers; they reckon that about 3,000 men per week benefit from their activities. The existing committee are Mrs. Long, the organizer; Mrs. Bolton, Mrs. Orchard (both of whom are going to help in the new scheme); Mrs. Ladbrook, Mrs. Sykes (one of the organizers of the idea); Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Blomestock and Mrs. B. Studd (co-opted). A most important aspect of their work is to meet and entertain all types of trains and ships.

Mobile Canteens are also the moving spirits of one of the most popular calcutta's—Calcutta—the one at the Continental Hotel. Mrs. Sam Sawday is the energetic honorary treasurer and Padre Alchin another hard worker; Mrs. H. G. Wright, to help two evenings a week. She nights a week evenings at entertainment of some sort—house, dances, a musical evening on Sundays for which programmes Mrs. Thelma Wilkinson is responsible. A recent committee included a particularly attractive list with Mr. Eric Aspinwall, Kathleen Morrison and Arnold Blank, Eric Kitchen and Mrs. Freda Blank playing and/or singing.

Two Weddings

Mrs. Patricia Graham (Junn), Commander "Tuppence" Graham W.A.C. (L) married Mr. Michael Lt.-Colonel Hugh Gilson, R.A. in the St. Paul's Cathedral Chapel. The bride wore a long-sleeved gown of white and silver brocade with real orange blossom in her tulle veil and carried a bouquet of carnations and roses. She was attended by Miss Sally-Rose Warner and Master Richard Warner.

Col. and Mrs. Graham were in Calcutta for their daughter's wedding day which was also the Colonel's birthday. Mr. and Mrs. George Kent left their lovely garden flat recently and Mr. Kent died of the heat of the newly-wedded pair. Colonel Fouleau was bestman. Among the guests were H.H. Mahanja of Burdwan, Wing Commander Nicholson V.C. and a sprinkling of W.A.C. (L) officers and aunts.

Col. Gilson is at present stationed elsewhere, so they will not be returning to Calcutta.

A week later Miss Sheila Gregory, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Gregory, was married to Mr. O. J. Reid in St. Paul's Cathedral. In a gown of emerald satin brocade, her veil swept back away from her face forming a long train, orchids in her red hair and a lovely diamond clasp, Miss Gregory looked quite delightful. She carried a bouquet of white carnations relieved by only a touch of green

and purple fern and tied with a big tulle bow. Major Bodley of the Royal Canadian Air Force was bestman, and Miss June Simpson, wearing a green frock and carrying a bunch of sweet peas, bridemaids.

The marriage reception of nearly 300 guests was held at the Calcutta Club. Mr. A. E. Wood proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom whose wedding cake was adorned with white aeroplanes. The bride left in a white sharkskin suit and tiny hat.

The Rev. G. T. Rogers performed both ceremonies.

Welcome Visitors

Sir Baillie Gould, British Resident in Sikkim, has been staying with the Douglas Wilkins, P.P. Dec., and on a fleeting visit, managed to fit in an afternoon at the races and an evening at the Saturday Club. Little "P" on his return from Chunking was also at the races one day. Ted Ricketts was in Calcutta for a few days as a member of the Madras cricket team for the semi-final of the Ranji Trophy against Bengal; everyone interested has already read how comfortably Bengal won, captained by H. H. Munro.

Dr. Mrs. F. Vajjhala, Mrs. O. Jabbas and Mrs. A. Peters, all of whom are attached to the Women's Section A.R.P., have received the Governor's Medallion for Local Service.

Paperchasing

The paperchasing season which is now (with the exception of the Paperchase Cap and C.L.H. "chase") over has been a rattling good one. To continue from last month's account: the 6th "chase" was a delightful course set by Mr. W. H. Foster, and with for white a very fast field speed and distance after the first mile or so, Pandy Warren took the lead closely followed by Mrs. Footit and Mrs. A. C. Hanley; near the end Mr. Farmer came into the running and eventually beat Mrs. Footit by a short head. The 7th "chase" set by Mr. Footit Grier over the same course produced a smaller field. Pandy "Dawn" and Mr. G. Clarke's "Adolph" were all lame after the first mile, but Mr. Hanley, Mr. H. H. C. Bell and Rutherford were prominent throughout, Tanner winning by a couple of lengths from Hartley.

The last two "chases" were near the Country Club; the first of them laid by Mr. Grier, and the spectators a long walk away, the weather being hot, the going was dampish and the clutches phenomenal. Mr. Foster led for a long way followed by Mr. M. H. Broom, much to his surprise, whose new "Swazi" was showing what he could do. Tanner again won with Hanley a length behind. This won Arthur Hartley, the Average Cup; he and his "Charlie" C. H. having placed every week no one could catch them up.

Another beauty in Chittagong Jones' "Lambeth" reduced the speedily once still further for the last "chase" which Mr. Sandy Lumsdaine set over very ditchy country. Foster and Broom were again away first over seven jumps and two more made in full view of the spectators. After a long walk followed by the "tuck traps" Tanner and Foster appeared, took the last two jumps and finished in that order. Some time later came four more, including Mr. Dennis Campbell's "Heavy-weight" Average Cup. The "tuck traps" were still in the Chittagong country as hard on horses whose legs are not so sound as they were.

With five of this year's front rankers casualties perhaps the primary object of course makers next year may be to make courses which are not so ditchy.

It was good to see H. H. Munro in the saddle on the last day, even though going slowly; Mrs. Hayes, too, rode strong amongst the nutts quite fast; and Supt. Sqd. Merryn Thomas—one of our front rankers—was mounted on a good-looking grey.

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7

Jodhpur Jottings

By "Jodhpurin."

THOUGH the suspicious hour chosen was 2.30 of a Sunday afternoon in March, a lot of distinguished guests were present in the Darbar School Hall to witness the opening ceremony of Red Cross Week, performed by the Maharaj Kumar. The most attractive feature of the evening was the most notable feature so far is all the best-looking young women in the place in Red Cross uniform, invading offices and messes with flags to sell. Our American allies are helping the War Effort by donning their jeeps and driving them round the station; and round the station; though maybe driving Dorothy Goldstraw and Joanna Duncan and all around is not such an effort at that.

Joanna came back from Bombay to take part in the ENSA production of "Private Lives," with Dorothy Lawrence and Richard Cadicott and Phillips Ashby, who were both seconded from the Army. It was nice to see a play instead of a movie for a change and nice to have such eminent visitors from the outside world. G. Williams organised a Club dance in their honour and it certainly was a good one.

Sgt./Leader Howard Rice from Simla was there and Major Delgamo from Delhi and Joyce Worsterman, staying with the Nawab. She is Guy's cousin and her husband is in the Intelligence School in Karachi.

As this ENSA company is temporarily withdrawn from circulation, Joanna is staying on with father, to his delight and that of all of us who know her; including the United Nations forces!

Distinguished Visitors

A number of distinguished Indian visitors at the Hotel Umaid Bhawan Singh of Idar and Rojji Sahib Uday Singh of Patan and Maharaj Sri Pratap Singh of Jamnagar with Captain Karsi Singh. And our old friend Rao Rajah Alhey Singh, now on Lord Louis Mountbatten's staff, home from the front to see old friends and to join the Holi festivities. His own house here was given over to R.A.F. for the officers

men, but they have outgrown it and recently been given Ratnada Palace, where they will have a lovely garden to ameliorate the hot weather.

Air/Commodore Vincent on his lawful occasions passed by just in time for a big farewell dinner at Chhatar Palace where H. H. Maharaj gave a farewell to Major J. W. Gordon, retiring after 33 years on the Jodhpur Railway. When he joined it was the Jodhpur-Bikaner Railway and most of his service was in Bikaner, till he came to Jodhpur in 1936 as manager of the newly-separated Jodhpur section, bringing with him the nickname of "Stuff," by which he is known throughout India, at golf clubs and bridge tables as well as more earnest conferences. In the last War he joined the R.F.C. and was awarded the Military Cross and the D.S.O. (Military Division). In 1936 he became the C.I.B. The last few weeks have seen many farewell parties for him, as well as the Palace one, notably a dinner, given him by all his officers. His main pastime was golf, but he has never been a mere golfer. He was a real golf player handicap. (Not, sure about 1½, Wetherpoon, but he's gone to the War), and instead of replacing for the green courses of Caledonia, was content to toil nightily round our sandy fairways.

Major General Sir Edward Balfour from F/O John Lambert and with Bill Powell, defeated Prisk Sirel and Brian Mahon in the finals of the Ratnada match fourstones. He is expecting shortly to sail for England, when his man will be back to see him again.

Another visitor from Simla is Col. R. T. Harrison and back from Bombay, is Mr. S. Norlin working on another beautiful mural in Chhatar Palace. In connection with the interior decoration of the Palace, Mr. Walter George has been back from Delhi and Mrs. George is staying on here.

Nancy Bishop came down from Lahore to bring her belongings. They have been lucky enough to get a house there, instead of having to live in a hotel. "Bish" now a Wing Commander.

A Hollywood Setting

Beryl Rigg took Hugh up to school in Naini, but was back in time to help the Red Cross Week. Sir Donald Field is still away, but Lady Field is here, very busy with Red Cross, but finding time still to give some of her lovely out-of-door lectures. Mrs. Simla's was a return for the delightful party the Americans gave us in their Mess mainly. Coloured umbrellas and tablecloths, flowers and lawns and all were an almost Hollywood setting. Captain Jent lent the use of his big Old Gold for the last week. It must be very encouraging to Eamie Simpson to see how the movement has progressed under her Commissionership. Her hard work, sympathy and enthusiasm have certainly produced results which are courageous since she now has several supporters.

At the Road House Canteen, the Weekly Brains Trust Quiz, run by the Rev. James Glenn and Mr. Lt. Ken Howard, is immensely popular. The men have also started a Hindustani class, with a school-master to teach them. Anne Warren is still in charge of the Branch House, contending with the increasing difficulties of sugar and such. But her difficulties are less than those of Central Roadhouse, now in charge of Price Central Roadhouse.

Did we say that Molly Mahon won the Maharaj Dhini Alik Singh Cup for Medal round?

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Nilgiri Nibblings

By **TheToda**

THE high spot of this month has been the Pet Show, organised on behalf of the Prisoners of War Relatives' Association by the secretary, Mrs. B. Duncan and Mrs. Thomas in aid of our Prisoners. Both prizes for "Best Conditioned Smooth-Haired Dog" and "Best Dachshund" Miss Barry's "Grey" and "Fancy" beating Miss Phillips' Duncan's "Joker." This might have given rise to uneasiness in patriotic British breasts had one not known they were all officially naturalised. However, the winner of the "Best Conditioned Long-Haired Dog" was sufficiently British to satisfy the most carping of us, Miss Dor Wapshere's English Setter "Maggie." The second prize in this event went to Felicity Funes' little dog which later came first in the "Best" race.

The first race of the day, "The Sausage Plate" race, only for Dachshunds only, caused much amusement, the winner being Dodek Kelly's "Rude," with Louisa Craddock's "Zina" a close second. This converted Nazi shows her patriotism by refusing to touch the food until told that it is British. The idea of making a race for such evanescent sausages was not well received by the participants who seemed to detect in the suggestion some slur on their origin or possible destination.

Stopped To Wag Tail

There was an amusing and unexpected finish to the 5th race, Mrs. Hill's Bull-terrier "Bimbo" had the race well in hand when he spotted his owner

the winning post and his face breaking into a broad grin of delighted recognition he stopped to wag his tail, thus leaving Timmas' "Jimmie" (of no definite breed) streak past him into first place. Mrs. Parley's cat was voted the best in the one and only cat race, the independent creature of Miss Scott, however, had decided for himself before the race that he was so obviously the nicest that it was not worth while waiting for the official judgment, so he stalked off on his own, his own, and, unfortunately, has not returned.

The first of the many horse events was a most attractive class. It was for the most promising young pony, under four years old, bred in the Nilgiris. There were some irresistible foals and we would like to give the great prizes to all of them, but there was only one and it was awarded to Miss Harry Gray's "Mischievous." "Best Conditioned Child's Pony" was Master B. Duncan's "Robin Grey," with Miss Guthrie's "Lady Jane Grey" second. Grey seems to have been the best pony of the day, as "Lady Jane Grey" also won "Best Child's Pony" between 13th and 14th with Miss Barry Gray as rider, and Capt. Prosser Evans' "Duncan Grey" won the event for "Best Conditioned Horse." Miss Van Pelt's "Bromley" coming second. "Bromley" also came first in the "Hack" class, ridden by her owner, with Major Wat's "Tony," ridden by Mrs. Miller, second. There were so many entries for the "Best Child's Pony" that this class had to be divided into two sections—sisters under nine years old; and over. The first was won by "Dilawar" with Brian Kelly riding; and the second by Miss

K. Paton's "Honey Pie" owner up. There was a special prize for the child rider of the day, and the standard was so high that it was very difficult to come to a decision. After careful deliberation the judges awarded the prize to Miss Amanda Paton, who well deserved it, riding her lively little pony "Tina." Crystal Webb on "Heather Bell" was a close second.

Two Good Mixers

The hard-working Committee, who are to be congratulated on making nearly Rs. 10,000/-, were, conducted by Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. J. P. Small, M.P.H., Mr. B. A. C. Neville, C.I.E., and Mr. A. M. Robertson, M.C.,

C.I.E. The judges were Hon. Mr. B. H. Paton, Mrs. Bayley, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. Harriet Irwin, Mr. Macqueen, Mr. Keene, Major Crofts and Mr. V. S. Williams. Miss. Crombie, wife of the Collector of the Nilgiris, gave away the prizes. Mrs. Stanfield's old maid, Dorothy, about 25 years old, was so busy in making strawberries for any event in the Pet Show, that her owner, the following day, gave her a chance of claiming her share of the limelight by riding her into and out of the bar in the Galt Club and, when, then, to a great cheer and applause, down the dozen or so steps into the road and back again. What must she have been like in her girlhood? The mare l

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My Shooting Autobiography

(Continued from page 23)

knowledge of the subject at that time. Wassmas, that was his name, would rig up a couple of poles with a wire attached, apparently as an aerial, and with another wire connected thereto to give a representation of time. Then lay out a some time in the presence of some local notables, listening in for long periods with great apparent interest. He would then announce that he had been in communication with Herford and that the latter had agreed to allow him to go to the Indian Army to the particular gullible individual who was then acting as his audience. Mingled with his congratulations would be inserted a subtle suggestion that the customary thing on such an application was to present a small donation, a hank which, it was said, the practised recipient of a ferocious decoration seldom failed to take! However, in the end his house of cards, so craftily erected, crashed about his ears.

Some time after our arrival, we received up the line to join the Striking Force, I, as usual, on the lookout for game! Doves once again were all that I bagged until we arrived at Daliki,

the last camp before striking into the hills. At Daliki there was a delightful little river in which we had some cool and refreshing bathing. Beyond the river there was a wheel which seemed to hold the water in suspension. We were not supposed to venture out so far but the heat was too great and on one occasion I went across accompanied by my fine young Punjabi orderly, a handsome young Awan from the Shapur village. We had a swim and then began to get up and I pushed on into the centre of the wheel. There a bird got up and I fired and missed and then from a few hundred yards off someone fired at me and missed also! We heard the tiger roar and I was afraid to go into the water a couple of yards away from us! Looking in the direction from which the sound had come, we saw a man hastily mounting a horse. As soon as he was in the saddle, he rode off as fast as the horse could budge and soon disappeared in the distance, which was just as well as we would have been at rather a disadvantage to say the least pitting No. 8's against a rifle!

We got much better shooting as we got higher up into the hills. Chikor was the name of the place where we were once the fighting was over and things had settled down, we were able to get out for some very pleasant little shoots.

I remember my delight when on a

Tiger Shooting In Indian Forests

(Continued from page 23)

and actually closed my eyes and rested whilst the heat came steadily closer. A slight noise made by dry leaves to my right suddenly made me conscious of my surroundings. I stood up taking aim a length ahead of the tiger and fired at the running beast, letting go both barrels in the excitement.

The tiger rushed past roaring and soon disappeared into the bushes. On arrival of the Indian I related to them what had happened and the head shikari, a fine old man of 60, soon spotted the pug marks left on the ground. Following these a few yards ahead we came on blood-stained leaves and drops which were as red as the tiger's blood. Obviously the tiger was desperately wounded and it was very dangerous to follow him like this. I warned all the men and we formed a small circle, with myself in the centre and the shikari each with a rifle ready to be within range on the trigger. As we approached a second thicket a deep growl sounded from under a big bush and we caught a glimpse of the tiger moving off again. We therefore decided to leave his tracks and follow the pug marks. He was found dead the next day about 100 yards from where we had left off, partly hidden in tall grass and dry leaves. He measured 9 ft. 8 inches.



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22-22

Cool Coonoor

By "Cecily"

MR. and Mrs. Huggins were at home to their friends in the Coonoor Club at the end of February. It was a distinctly enjoyable evening, and many of people I had seen for many a day. There was Kitty Bromson, from Burma, with her brown hair and blue eyes, in red and black; Jock Small, in from the wilds; Hilda Harwood, who is so busy these days running "Dunnmore" Officers' Hostel, in Bangalore; Joyce Elliot, in beige; Joyce Cooper, with an alluring hair-style, which I suggested she should hang on to for ever—it was so delightful. Mrs. Webb wore a graceful black velvet dress, whilst Mrs. Briscoe was in black lace.

Coonoor was as full of spirits as ever, as I heard the story of the life of Mary O'Leary and Gladys Williams by Grasshopper, gathered in a flock of the Victorian persuasion—which I rather envied. Mrs. Hill, whose husband Professor of English at Patis University, was in multicoloured chiffon, had seen her with love. Philomena, who is always so attractive in black, Mrs. Lee-Harr in beige lace was with Mildred Porter, wearing an original frock of sequined net; a necklace of zircon and diamonds added to the charm effect; Catherine, in a pink and white gown, tells me she is to marry Tom Pierce at the end of April. Catherine Butcher in multicoloured crepe was with Maisie Wood, in a pretty gold and green frock. My friend, Katherine Pryde wore blue, with white lace. Mrs. Webb, who has just returned from Bombay, was wearing a graceful ring velvet gown of russet; Mrs. Renaux and her daughter were with Capt. Reddish, and I had a word with Francis Cooke. Mrs. Huggins in black with golden sequin motifs, was an admirable hostess as was Harold Huggins an admirable host.

Cool Ketagiri

Farewell, farewell, my dear old Tote Said Sydenham (the Höte)..... Mr. Sydenham-Clarke, grand old Nilgiri planter, gave a most interesting farce party to about 100 persons at "Rob Roy" Estate, on the eve of his departure for colder climes. Our host, who has the Peter Pan quality of eternal youthfulness, received his guests at the foot of the terrace overlooking the tennis courts. He was surrounded by his charming daughter-in-law, Avril.

From a most sumptuous dinner of sweet pess, servants emerged laden with trays, and soon the guests were talking animatedly over the tea-cups, prior to playing tennis, bridge, badminton and deck-tennis.

Amongst the badminton players were Gwen, a bright gold and brown, her sister, Luisa Erikson, in beige, provided a merry quartet; lovely Ruth Jones was in dark green crepe de chine; Joyce Elliot, her fair hair a-curl, was in navy, and golden-haired Cynthia Voelcker in a becoming shade of mauve.

Sitting around on the lawn, I noticed Mrs. Moore talking to Mrs. Gill; pretty Louise, in a pink and white gown, was at a table with Bill Aiton, Eva Milne Henderson and Mrs. Ross. Mrs. Winterbotham, in yellow, was discussing High Finance with Marcia Martinidin, who tells me she keeps nothing about it; Elsie, Lady of the family, in a pink gown, was in a white and pink striped crepe de chine. I congratulated her on the visit of the stork to her door about two months ago, when he deposited two delightful boys, both answering (in name) to Welsh names. She is a fine girl as difficult to tell as to pronounced. Nancy Morris, who was in emerald green and pretty Pat Birr, wearing an attractive frock of delphinium blue, has eyes surprisingly brown; Vivien Bradshaw-Smith, who has an unusual shade of blue eyes, which accented her creamy skin and bright eyes, she was



A happy house party at Primrose House, Ootacamund. In the group from L. to R. are:—(FRONT ROW) L., H. Alexander, J.A.O.C., Lt. G. Evans, R.N., Capt. Phillips, E. Lanes, and 2/Lt. Cummings, I.E. (SECOND ROW) Capt. P. Roger, R.A., Mrs. G. Steuart-Gratton, Major Wilmott, R.I.A.S.C., Lt. G. Waring, R.A., Lt. K. Stacey, R.A., Lt. M. McAvay, Major G. Steuart-Gratton, C.G., and Capt. Burnett, R.A. (THIRD ROW) Capt. Bonnister, R.A., Lt. K. N. Pope, R.A., Capt. Mustow, I.A.O.C., and Lt. H. S. Hulme, R.A.

talking to Jane Tuckett, a merry soul, in blue and rose, were at a table with the Collector of the Nilgiris and Phillipina Smith—both ladies talking about gardens to Mr. Crombie, who is a great authority. Joyce Cooper looked well in grey and red. Maisie Barrow, in a multicoloured crepe, had a lot to tell me of her visit to Bangalore.

On the tennis court, blonde Margaret Yates, Joy Longhurst, Sally Bourne and Avril Sydenham-Clarke, leapt about like furies in the sunshine, and later, Col. O'Brien, Dick Weller (the Rev'd Messrs. Anderson and Bradburn) demonstrated that a man is as young as he feels.

When I entered the Paradise of the strong, silent Bridge Players, only Mrs. Herbert Longhurst smiled at my intrusion!! Jean Shaw, dark-haired, was in navy and white. Miss Edith Turpin, a charming Dame of taste, Nancy Winterbotham, wore mounds green; blonde-haired Daphne Dalton was in an attractive brown and pink ensemble; Olga MacDonald was a dainty figure in cyclamen; Mrs. Bass looked trim in a smart black morning dress; Gertie Shaw, in a blue ensemble. I noticed how very attractive was Helen d'Apice's new hairdressing style; Margaret Beecher in mauve and blue was with Vic Palin, back from Madras, wearing blue crepe-de-chine under a navy jacket. Mrs. Stevens, always smart in black, and Mrs. Stevens wore blue and white. The only hat I encountered that afternoon was that of Olga Way's—on which a red, red robbin, might be said to be a bob, bob, bobbin' mad.

Captain James Henderson, with Messrs. Wilson, Forbes, Winterbotham and Ross, stood admiring the prowess of the tennis players—although they seemed to be discussing golf most of the time. On Mr. Ross's shoulders the mantle of Mr. Sydenham-Clarke will fall, till his return, which he threatens to do in a year's time.

War Work

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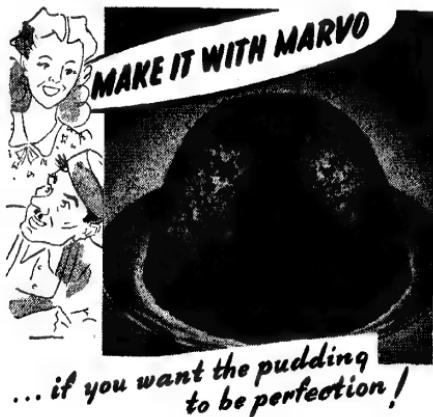
Apart from the dire discomfort of wartime rail travel—apart from overcrowding, from bedding-rolls spread on dusty floors and from lack of restaurant cars—passenger travel does actually slow down the war. It does hold up the movement of vital munitions, the transportation of troops and the distribution of civil supplies.

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Philatelists' Corner:

Still More Free French

By Claude Scott.

FREE French stamps remain at the peak of popularity to which they are entitled, and there are few who are in danger of a fall. If long lines of provisionals and other not strictly necessary stamps continue to appear, even the most ardent collectors will weary of too much of a good thing.

From Paris comes news of one more provisional to bring that island's quota to the round 50. Presumably, though, this will be the last, for a definite set has been taken into use. This set is sold in London and the attractive labels show a heap of the country's produce.

Another Free French issue is said by a contributor to the American magazine, *Stamp*, to have "caused quite a sensation" in the United States. This is the *Marine*. It shows the ship, the French battleship, *République*, arrived in New York for repair, the postmaster aboard wanted some means of collecting the extra postage on the crew's mail letters back to Africa. So he had the ship's name, *Marine*, bearing Petain's likeness, overprinted "Par avion—Batumie de Ligne—Richelieu." Only 1,500 copies are said to have been issued. Even so, a good number have found their way into the hands of New York dealers who have been offering them at prices from 12 to 15 dollars each.

Help To Patriots

Meanwhile the French Committee of National Liberation has released another series of postage funds for the freedom movement inside France. The design is symbolic—support to a Patriot against a background map of France. Similarly in preparation for the day of liberation, the Czech Government in Britain has issued, as a souvenir sheet, the

designs of the stamps to be used when Czechoslovakia is again independent. Four of them show scenes in Czechoslovakia and the fifth bears the portraits of the leaders of Czech democracy—President Masaryk, Dr. Benes and General Stefanik.

In the fountains of Poland, the Yugoslavians have issued a first and a second set of "sea post" stamps for use aboard its war and merchant vessels. These carry portraits of leaders of thought and action. Yugoslavia during the nineteenth century set in frames of individual design. Most prominent is the man's portrait in the middle, grandfather of the present King Peter. The Dutch colony of Curaçao is responsible for a "war" issue of particular appeal. Four high-value air stamps have been overprinted and sold to raise money for the benefit of Netherlands prisoners of war. It is reported that the issue was limited to 20,000 sets.

Abyssinian Commemorative

Abyssinia had a short-lived commemorative issue last November. According to a correspondent in *The Times* (London), it was the reviving of a Liberty statue in the capital by the Emperor and was on sale for only nine days—from November 4 to 12—and then in very limited quantities. There were five values, surcharged and overprinted "Obelisk" in Amharic and English.

According to the same correspondent, an order for a large supply of stamps in a new design was under consideration. The series, he adds, is expected to include doves, lions and other animals and is an indication of the rapid advance of Abyssinia's postal system.

In the British Empire group very few new issues have been reported. The Canadian 5-cent purple stamp has appeared in coil form and Charkhara has released a one-pence purple label in the 1939 type.

Crossword Solution Problem on page 39.

ACROSS :

DOWN :



Mr. A. P. Conaty of Mertondale, New York, U.S.A., who was for the third time in succession the Country Club (Karachi) Golf Challenge Bowl. This is a competition which is played off scratch over two rounds and Mr. Conaty's excellent score was 150. He is with the Standard Vacuum Oil Company, Karachi.

1. Stamps	1. Staff
7. Soldier	2. Text
10. Religious	3. Effect
14. Pie	4. Miscellaneous
15. Due	5. Pee
17. Aries	6. Song
18. Minerals	7. Opino
19. Free	8. Eden
20. Shaded	9. Dodsons
22. Fours	11. Eden
23. Stereo	12. Rutt
26. The	14. Kak
27. Souffle	15. Mito
31. Ebony	21. My
32. Seal	24. Out for blood
34. Opal	25. Aler
36. Any	26. T.N.T.
39. Care	28. Red
42. Take	29. Lick
44. Gob	32. Intense
45. Gob	33. Paid
49. Kedlin	37. Yak
52. Shale	45. Trested
53. Lio	47. Hes
54. Liquefying	48. Note
57. Trested	49. Oils
58. Mar	51. Kato
61. Cameo	52. Oiled
62. Pending	53. Spy
63. Hoddon	54. Day
64. Hes	55. One
65. Note	56. Day
66. Oils	57. One
67. Kato	58. Day
68. Oiled	59. Day

Sneete's Pages :

The Beauty of India Fabrics

(Continued from page 31)

The fabric known as *pasley* (which originally came from Persia and was, it is said, included in the trousseau of every bride hailing from those parts) is, judging from the rare specimens one sees these days, so incredibly ugly that one can only wonder how it allowed its manufacturer to *die out*. In this material each thread is dyed individually in bits in green, red or yellow as the pattern requires and these woven into a design. The result is that the outlines are not sharply defined and beauty is beautifully soft and hazy effect.

The peasant embroideries of Cutch in their lovely vivid colourings—magenta and orange, purple and bright green, lovely reds and blues and so on—also as *borderas*. The snap about *tambola* and the stiffer kind of Benares *mati* is that one has to be tall and slender to carry it off but, allowed these absolutely essential preliminaries, the beauty of both when worn is outstanding and superb.

Kashmiri Designs

Then there are the delightful, flimsy, hand-printed saris in dotted designs

which come from Kashmir and are so acceptable even in the cotton varieties. They are very becoming especially when coupled with a choli, Delhi shoes, Indian jewellery and flowers in the hair and can be successfully worn by almost any woman. Like the Madras cotton with their wide borders woven in vividly contrasting shades which are suited to a special dusky-complexioned type and look quite right on others. From east to west in the tailoring centres this country provides exquisite and lovely materials which embody the genius of her people for colour and design. It is the duty of every intelligent woman who lays claim to any sort of aesthetic perception to see that the inventiveness is reserved for the benefit of humanity and of the generations to come.

Mutton Dressed as Lamb

(Continued from page 31)

but covered with water); meanwhile boil your beans, and brown the remaining onion separately in another pan with the butter. When the meat is tender add the

chilli powder, and ten minutes before serving the dish, add the beans and browned onion. If you like sour milk curds and have any by you, try eating with this dish—it's excellent.

Cored Chicken

Simmer the neck and leg and wing joints (ends) of a chicken to make a little soup, adding a pinch of salt. Boil three heads of Indian corn, and scrape off the grain when nearly done. Wash and pluck your chicken and saute it in two tablespoons butter, margarine or salad oil, together with two sliced onions; gradually add your soup to the contents of the pan, lastly the corn, and cook all together for ten minutes.

Sausage Pie

Even those famous ration sausages taste different if you cook them this way! Line a pie dish with shortcrust; fry the sausages (preferably ones that have not been fried) and never heated in the tin—exposed to the air they lose some of their characteristic flavour, and become very palatable!; slice them in half lengthways, and cover the pieces with them; make some apple sauce as for a pie, and pour this in over the sausage; dot with butter and sprinkle with breadcrumbs; bake it, and serve it either hot or cold.

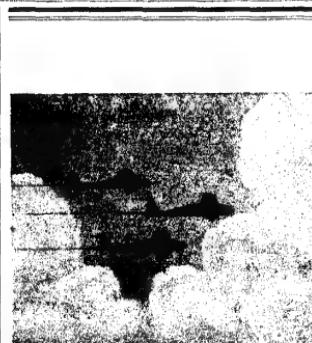


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From The Editor's Bookshelf:**"Tikkity Boo"**

THE collection of charming stories, in "Tikkity Boo," by "an author" (and illustrated by) May Dart (Tales, Rs. 7-14) some of them founded on fact, some on legend, others upon flights of fancy, and all of them illustrated with imagination and originality, is one of Thackeray's most successful ventures into the realms of children's fiction.

There is a legend of Elephants, in which traditional fact is happily mingled with fancy about Dr. De Munt, whose house in Bonshay was built where the Mint now stands; another of Nehela and Enoch; and some where fantasy and nature are pleasantly and gaily woven into an ingenious pattern.

Nearly every story has a gently-pointed moral, and children are held by

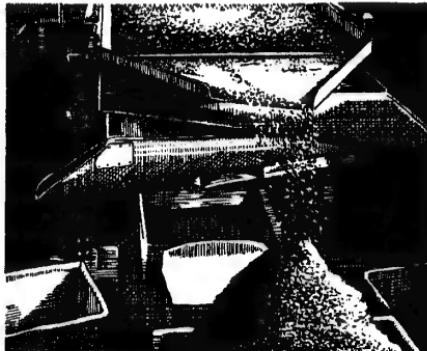
the narrative as well as by the illustrations, of which, both line drawings and colour plates, there are many, all executed with May Dart's well-known, light, yet meticulous touch.

A few of the phrases, for instance "hilarious intoxication" and "such beauty overwhelmed him with admiration," are above the average child's head, and there are some careless grammatical errors, but these fade into insignificance when one remembers the love and care that have obviously been poured into the volume. Any child would be delighted to receive this record of the doings of the Tikkities.

S. R.

The Ideal Present:**The "Onlooker" Book of Verse**

See full details in advertisement on page 50.

The Story of Tea No. 6

Tea leaves on the sifting machine.

MACHINE STAGE

When drying, or "firing" has sealed the characteristic flavour in the leaves, the tea is ready for sifting and sorting.

All stalks and foreign matter are removed before the tea reaches the sifting and sorting machine; here a multitude of sieves and meshes automatically separate the larger from the smaller leaves.

The various grades thus obtained, are now packed into separate chests, ready for the next stage in their journey. Careful handling and rapid distribution ensures our tea reaching you fragrant and fresh.

Brooke Bond

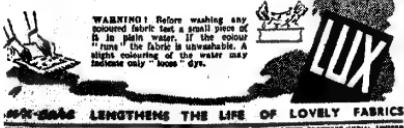
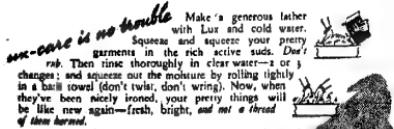


WHAT a lot it will cost you to replace those lovely things you bought when fabrics were less expensive! And what a lot of wear you deserve from the pretty things you are buying now—at present prices!

Yes, these are times to take very special care of all your clothes—

they *must* be made to last. So cut out all dhoobi-risks, cut out

undissolved-soap risks (inseparable from the use of ordinary soaps), and give all your washables safe Lux-care—at home. It's a good thing there's no shortage of Lux.



SOFTENING LENGTHENS THE LIFE OF LOVELY FABRICS
LUX SOFTENING AGENT

FOR
UNSUBMITTED GOOD GIFTS
TO THE
UNITED KINGDOM
AND
STANDARD PARCELS

CONFIDENTIAL RY. CIGARETTES
ETC. FOR THE
FORCES ON ACTIVE SERVICE
in very limited quantities
present regulations, and at inclusive
prices, of India.

BARNETT'S
Confectioners
ALLAHABAD

The "Onlooker" Book Of Verse

YOU have laughed over the verses which appear in the "Onlooker" in an amusing way the life we all live in India, our club life, our servants, our friends, our shikar, our huntin' 'shootin' and fishin', and so on. You will be interested to know that many of these verses have been put together in a handsome volume bound in "Onlooker" red, which is ready to be sent to you by post at a cost of Rs. 10/-, plus heavy postage. Your friends will love to see it. If you have to do in India to send "The Onlooker Book of Verse" to your friends anywhere, forward it to A. MacRae & Co. Ltd., United India Building, Sar Phurzahab Mahtab Road, Bombay, your order and cheque with your address or the address to which the book has to be sent. And remember, it makes a marvellous present.

Bridge Solution

Problem on page 47.

Dumny takes the first trick and leads out trumps with the Ace of Hearts and draws Mr. J.'s trump. Mr. J. may discard a Club. Now the King of Hearts and the Ace of Diamonds are led.

The low Diamond follows and the 10 is finessed. When this holds, dumny reads the King of Hearts and discards the King of Diamond. Jill wins the trick, but must return a Heart or a Diamond to dumny's winners on which Sam discards his losing Club.

GINKS*

*The present fashion for economy encourages us to coin this word to cover the multitude of drinks (long and short) of which Gink is the basis.

Restrictions imposed upon us by War Conditions need not affect the time honoured custom of the East. Come round to drinks.

A bottle of Carew's Dry Gin, some lime juice, sugar bitters and soda water will provide a wide variety of drinks to suit the taste of the most fastidious!

If you want to make your bottle go further provide some vermouths and you can add a wider range.

If you number any gin connoisseurs amongst your guests we suggest that you invest in a second bottle of Carew's Dry Gin for they will want to enjoy its full flavour (which has not varied for 12 years) with a dash of bitters and some ice possibly they will prefer a long drink of gin and tonic water with a slice of lemon.

1 LIME GINSLER Same as Orange Gimlet but add a few drops of Angostura bitters and use lime cordial instead of orange crush.

JOHN COLLINS Into a long glass add a generous spoonful of sugar four or five drops of Angostura bitters a peg of Carew's Dry Gin and a peg of fresh lime juice. Stir well and fill up with cold water and some ice.

2 MARTINI COCKTAIL For two Pour into a tumbler half filled with ice one cocktail glass of Carew's Dry Gin and one cocktail glass of French style vermouth. Squeeze lime skin over the glasses and serve with an olive.

GIN & IT Fill a cocktail glass three quarters with Carew's Dry Gin and one quarter Italian style vermouth.

Empty bottles must be returned from whence they came before a fresh stock of Carew's can be supplied to you.

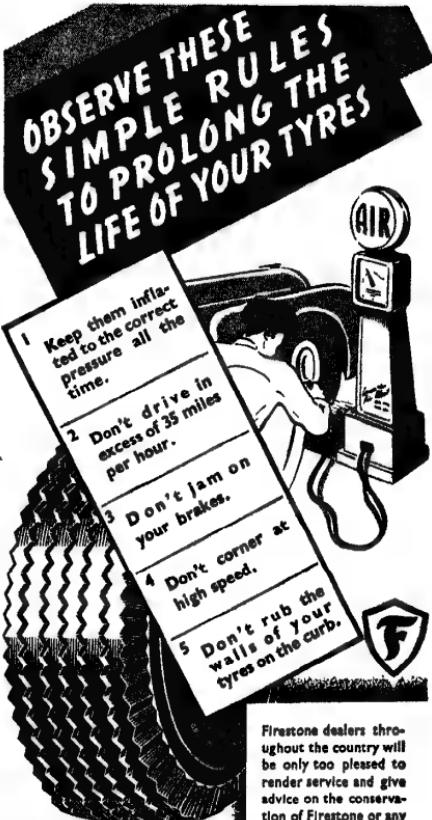
Either your dealer or Messrs. Lyall Marshall & Co., 4, Faublie Place, Calcutta will pay you As. 4/- per bottle, Rs. 3/- per dozen bottles and Rs. 3/- with case.

CAREW'S DRY GIN

MANUFACTURED & BOTTLED
BY CAREW & CO., LTD.
PRODUCE OF INDIA

THE ESTABLISHED FAVOURITE FOR OVER 12 YEARS

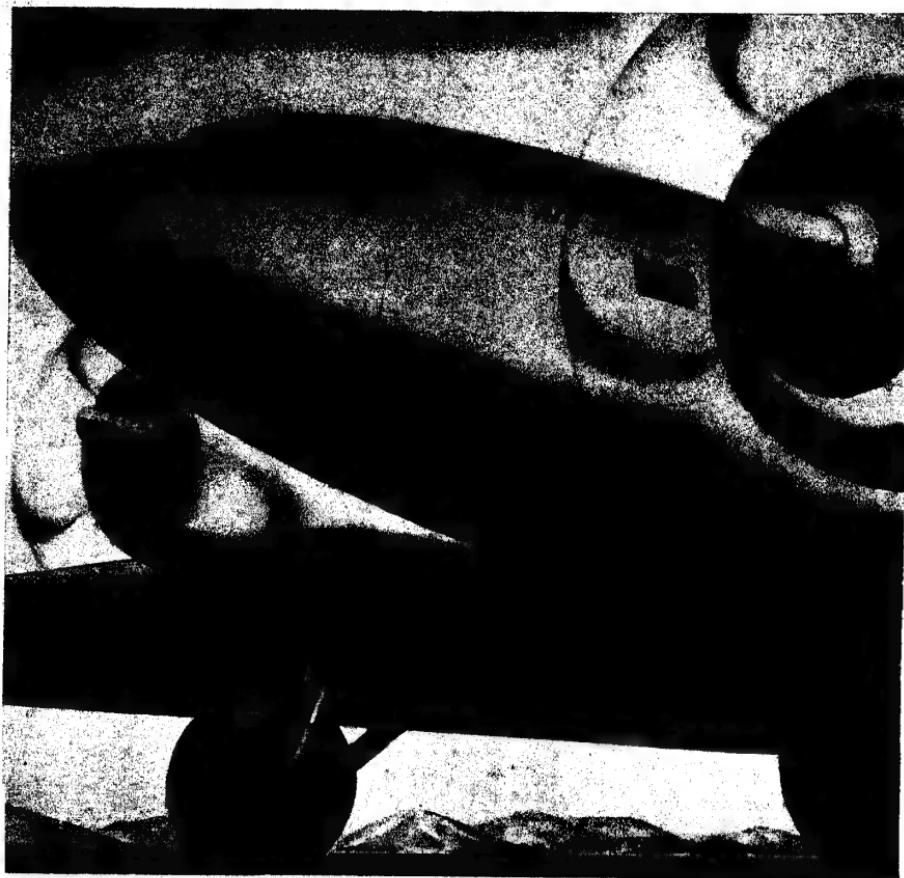
CG 886



most miles per rupee on -

Firestone
SAFETY-LOCK GUM DIPPED CORD
DELUXE CHAMPIONS

PIRESTONE TYRE & RUBBER CO. OF INDIA LTD.
Head Office & Factory - BOMBAY.
District Office, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, DELHI, LAHORE, MADRAS.



In the great post-war era of commercial and industrial development in India—development in which civil aviation will prove a major governing factor—Tata Air Lines will devote to the country's civilian needs a service still faster, still better-equipped, richer in peace by experience gained in war.

Times have changed !



TIME-KEEPERS

in Shakespeare's
Day

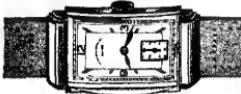
Shakespeare saw the early
beginnings of the watch.
There were no screws then
and watch movements were
put together with pins and
rivets. Gear cutting was
clumsily done by hand.
Brass was used for the
balance spring.

& present day



The EXTRA "F"

18-ct. Solid Gold, Heavy Case ... Rs. 280



The EXTRA "H"

18-ct. Solid Gold, Heavy Case ... Rs. 345

West End Watch Co.

Bombay

Calcutta

Due to irregular arrivals, it may not be possible to supply all the articles requested. Every effort will be made to execute orders as far as our stocks permit us to do so.

Send for FREE Catalogue.



Uniform
LOVELINESS

Thank goodness for the many lovely faces to be seen, whose beauty Iclima has been keeping fresh since their owners left the school-room. And it won't be long, we hope, before these soft skins and clear complexions will enjoy the constant protection of Iclima again.

Iclima
VANISHING CREAM & COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGE CREAM

THE NYLON COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON

ALWAYS IN SPARKLING CONDITION-

thanks to this simple care



You will never realize how
cheery and commanding
your dog will look unless you
help him to keep fit. Regular
conditioning with my Con-
dition Powders is the one sure way to
fitness and good
spirits.

Bob Martin

PURE BLOOD IS ESSENTIAL

Your dog's whole system depends on
the purity of his bloodstream for correct
functioning. But a "domesticated"
dog loses impurities to accumulate
in his blood. That is why it is
so important for your dog to enjoy real health.
That is why regular conditioning
with Bob Martin's Condition Powders
is so important.

These famous powders replace the
natural blood correctives which the
primitive dog found in certain raw wild
grasses. They will help to keep your dog
in top condition now!

FREE Write to The Representa-
tive or to The Bob Martin's
Ltd., Dept. "P.O. Box 516,"
Lima, Peru, for free copy of Bob
Martin's Condition Powders
packet of Bob Martin's
Condition Powders.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powders
KEEP DOGS ALWAYS FIT



LOOSE COAT : IT'S CAUSE :

To grow good coat
your dog must be
in good condition, and
that means a thorough purifying
of the bloodstream
(conveyor of the elements used in coat
growth). That is why it is
so important to keep your dog healthy and
scratching.



... AND CURE :

Your dog will grow a thick, firm, lustrous
coat when you use Bob Martin's Condition Powders.
Their action is to correct
toxic impurities in the blood, to
stimulate the glands, to increase the
circulation, to help the body to withstand
scratching.

Conditioning is particularly
important because a dog's skin is more
sensitive, whereas in human skin there are
no glands, so that the poisons by which impurities
are eliminated.



CHOOR BAZAAR

"Good morning, Sahib. What
are your Honour's require-
ments?"

"Six bottles of Rose's Lime
Juice. The chicken will carry
them in his tokki."

"Ah, Sir, this is your lucky
day. The stars are kind to
you. I have here one excellent
twin-tier built in 1911, only
one litter is missing, guaranteed
perfect."

"I don't need a typewriter, I
want some Rose's."

"I quite understand, Sir. I
have here, Sir, a model of
Lucknow railway station, con-
structed entirely of corals,
and glass, can be given as a
bargain, Sir. No charge for the
looking. No asking price. Only
last price. The boy can take it."

ROSE'S—The Wise Man's Nightcap

P.S.—The shortage of R.I.J. which is to be felt this year, is
now over. We are in a position to supply you with
spare parts which you have and have patience with your supplier.

AGREED...



'We want a cold cream that thoroughly cleanses the skin, not just the surface, but deep into the pores: that nourishes the tissues when it is left on over-night: that is pleasantly perfumed and economical in use. . .



'We want a vanishing cream that does not clog the pores but keeps the skin supple: that spreads evenly and retains its mat finish all day: that acts as a real powder base. . .

'Agreed that we will use only Stanistreet Cold and Vanishing Creams made by experts for use in the tropics."



Stanistreet

Our toilet preparations are manufactured from the finest raw materials the world can offer

* COLD CREAM
* VANISHING CREAM



Daimler
goes to war

DAIMLER AND LANCHESTER CARS, LONDON AND COVENTRY, ENGLAND

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